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By MARIE CORELLI

THE BYSTANDER

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 31.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 6, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Beatrice Beckley

Miss Beckley, who is at present playing with great charm and vivacity the part of Lady Melborough in "Lady Flirt" at the Haymarket Theatre, made her début but three and a half years ago at the St. James's Theatre

No. 31.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

July 6, 1904

Judging from appearances, Miss Marie Corelli's article on the subject of "Pagan London" has succeeded in stirring up a warm controversy on the methods of modern religious customs and observances. The Press has dilated very thoroughly on the subject, and many of our contemporaries seem to have received a vast influx of opinions from their readers. Speaking for ourselves, we have certainly been favoured with a goodly assortment, a few of which are printed elsewhere in this issue.

The outcome of the discussion seems to be that, while opinion is divided as to whether the public or the clergy are to blame, no one questions the fact that doctrinal religion has for a long while been losing ground. Anyone looking at the matter fairly and squarely will, I believe, admit that religion—or rather, the observance of religion—is, undoubtedly, far less common in our daily lives than was the case even a decade back. I should like rather to inquire, What is the cause of it?

I venture to say that the real reason is a very simple one. In an age of scepticism, people ask themselves, "Of what practical use are these spiritual guides?" It is true hundreds of clergymen are devoting their lives to ameliorating the conditions of the very poor in our large cities. Such men as these are heroes, and no one can admire them more than myself. But they are a very small proportion of the clergy. No . . . . perhaps the layman is unjust in his estimate, but he does not find the conditions under which the different churches are governed such as to command his confidence. The cleric has only too often his own axe to grind, and as he is not a disinterested guide, his value is discounted in the layman's eyes. One feels generally that his advice is governed largely by the welfare of the church he ministers to.

When does a congregation leave a church wiser than when it entered? We are a practical people, and we welcome a plain-speaking address, especially if it contain sagacious counsels, but how many preachers occupy the pulpit and do other than bore the patient congregation? To most worshippers the net result of attendance at church is, that they come out poorer in pocket than they entered, and no richer in worldly wisdom. Although a preacher may deny that it is his duty to instruct his congregation in worldly matters, there is little doubt that, if he were a competent adviser, his addresses would be far more valued than long harangues around scriptural theses, which do not matter a whit to the listener, however academic may be his dissertation. The pith of the situation may be sought in this: in our earthly struggle it is practical leading and advice that we need. The Church does not supply it. We seek one thing and are offered another. It is a case of the blind leading the blind.

And so, I believe, Miss Corelli is quite right when she attributes much of the falling off of public worship to the fact that preachers do not supply the wants of the community. The worshipper goes away from church carrying no recollection of having heard anything worth thinking about. In this spirit it requires little inducement to give up church-going. If the clergy want to fill their churches, they need to make a thorough study of how to address their people in a practical and up-to-date manner, giving them advice which will be useful to them. And for this we want our clergy broad-minded.

Nevertheless, I do not advocate the filling of churches. If public worship is neglected, it is not by any means a sign of national decadence. The facilities which abound now on Sundays for travelling enable thousands of jaded folks to seek a change of air, and there is nothing so good for us as fresh air A day in the country, breathing the purest air under God's Heaven is better for the body and better for the soul than a whole sheaf of sermons. It will be a time of rejoicing when, on Sunday, all our young men and maidens will be enjoying themselves by playing games and having healthy exercise. For healthy exercise makes a wholesome body, a clear mind, and a desirable citizen.

HENLEY WEEK

"The Bystander" will present a beautiful Solid Silver Bowl for the best decorated Houseboat during Henley week. Further particulars and an illustration of the Prize will be found on page 290

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Mrs. Brown Potter

Mrs. Brown Potter has all the talents. In an age when everybody does many things, and does them badly, she does all things, and does them well. When she is tired of doing things separately, she does them together. The dainty viaduct which she built to span the rival territories of Church and Stage is still a public monument. Not long since, she brought the same talent for combination to bear upon the lack of harmony which had previously existed between Politics and the fair Muse Recitative. The result was the only partial failure which we are able to chalk up on the debit side of Mrs. Potter's slate of achievements. But her recitation of the Fiscal Poem is a mere speck upon the fair expanse of her dramatic successes. Lately, Mrs. Potter has taken a leaf out of THE BYSTANDER, if we may so express it, and has been entertaining His Highness Raja Rana Bawani Singh, of Jhalawar. Report has not played upon the details of that interview, but we should express no surprise at the information that Mrs. Potter discussed with the Rajah the relation of his domain to the other nine sister states of Rajputana; compared the position of Ranis with that of feminine Royalties in Europe; dwelt upon the possible construction of a light railway across the Aravalli mountains; and exhibited generally an easy familiarity with the history of the proud aristocracy of the Rajputs since the first foundation of the Aryan races.

Mrs. Brown Potter and H. H. Raja Rana Bawani Singh, of Jhalawar

The above photograph was taken in the charming grounds of Bray Lodge, Maidenhead, Mrs. Potter's residence, where she recently entertained the Rajah

Photo by *Poole*

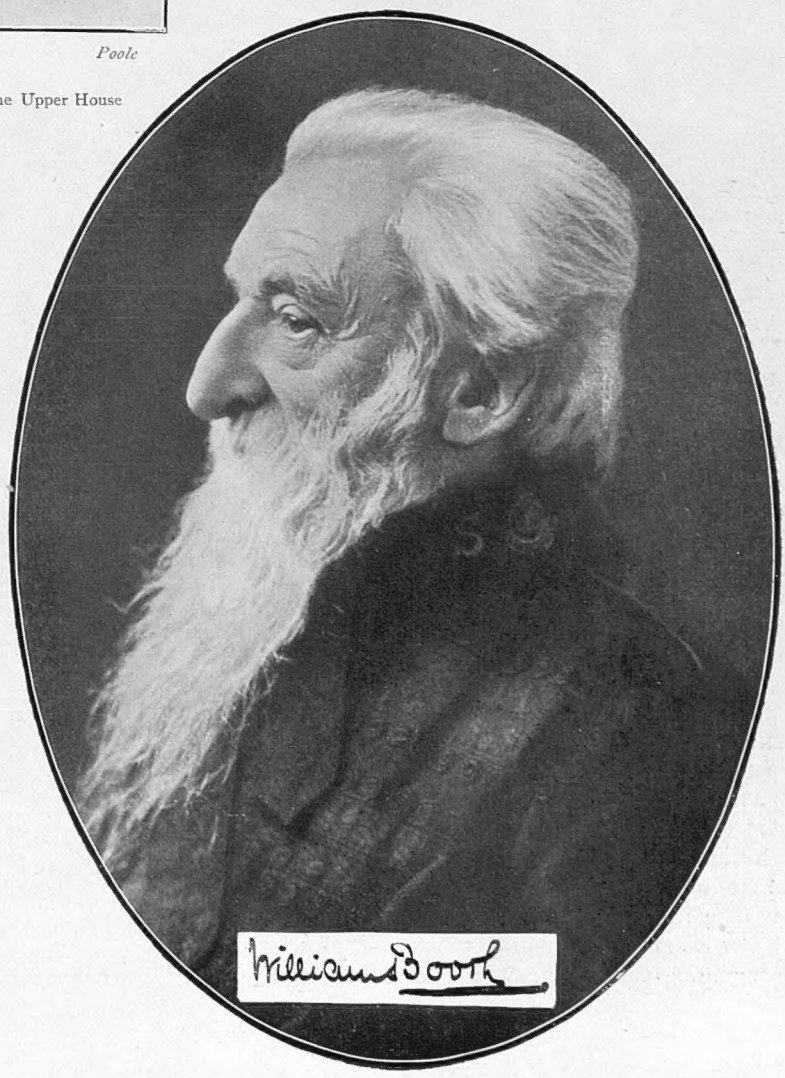
Baron Muskerry
Whose Irish Land Bill was recently thrown out in the Upper House

Lord Muskerry

Lord Muskerry, whose Irish Land Bill met with so sad a fate in the Upper House last week, has always been keenly interested in the politics of his own country, and fought hard for its welfare, while he has ever had at heart the grievances of the merchant service, being an energetic member of the Merchant Service Guild at Liverpool. He is a man of roving habits, having been all round the world in his own yacht. Yet, with all his wanderings, he can scarcely be called an absentee landlord, for he spends much of his time at Springfield Castle, his picturesque old Irish Fortress, where he pursues his two favourite hobbies—astronomy and chemistry. The stronghold possesses an almost priceless collection of art treasures gathered by many generations and from all lands. One of the most interesting articles is, perhaps, a pair of manacles, found in one of the dungeons of the castle, while the pictures include paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Peter Lely. Lord Muskerry has also a forge on the premises, where, it is said, he works harder at metals than many a blacksmith. Scott's "Old Mortality" should appeal especially to him, for it contains some interesting facts about one of his ancestors, the celebrated Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews, the Primate of Scotland after the restoration of Charles II., and who was assassinated by a party led by Balfour of Kinloch, in 1679.

The Congress of Nations

The Strand is usually rather a sombre thoroughfare, but, during the last few weeks, its monotony has been relieved by many splashes of colour, caused by the uniforms of the foreign delegates of the Salvation Army. Danes in their costumes of red and white, Canadians and Americans in red uniforms and felt slouched hats, Indians in native costume, cowboys in buckskins, these are all to be seen around the Grand International Hall, in the Strand. But the crowning point of the meetings has always been the appearance of General Booth. No king could wish for a more enthusiastic reception than he has received, and no king could wish for more loyalty from his subjects. These meetings have been unique, both in respect of their cosmopolitan audiences and



The "General"
Whose Congress of Salvationists from all quarters of the globe is still a source of interest and wonderment to Londoners

Photo by *Brooks*

Prince Maurice of Battenberg

Holding in his arms a prize cat owned by his sister, Princess Victoria

their enthusiasm. Happily, the conservative instinct of distrust which the Britisher has against anything new is now practically dead with regard to the Salvation Army and its General; and now that the King has received in audience "the Rev. William Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army," it can almost be looked upon as a national institution and one to be proud of. For although the form of worship by the Salvationists may seem distasteful to some minds, yet no one can deny that the "General" and his officers are doing a glorious work in uplifting the fallen, caring for the discharged prisoner, and making the tramp and the vagrant good and useful citizens. If other Churches and denominations had one tenth of the enthusiasm for their cause which the most insignificant soldier in the Salvation Army possesses, there would be no sermons preached on "Pagan London."

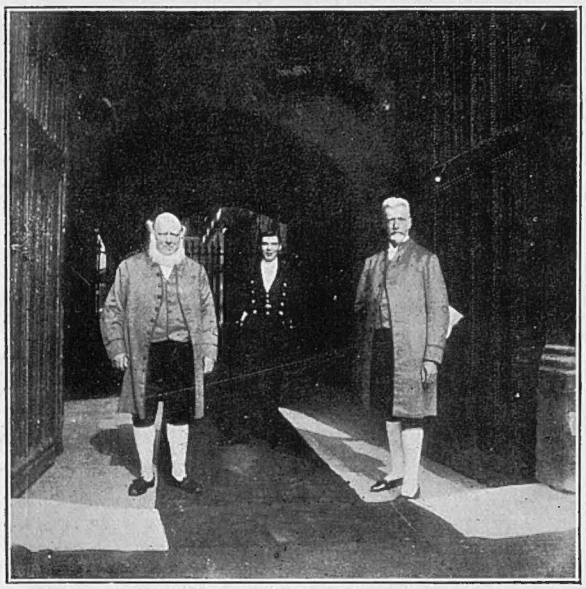
Prince Maurice of Battenberg

The education of princes is a theme upon which many a royal tutor, in ancient times, has built models of constructive wisdom, which the moderns have entirely destroyed. The little pauper of to-day has no vain longing to change lots with the little prince of old, when he reads of stern discipline, long hours of study, and the companionship of greybeards. A very different curriculum, in which sport figures largely, is made out for the fortunate youth who fills the *rôle* of a modern prince. Young Prince Maurice of Battenberg is a healthy boy of thirteen years, who bears every trace of the sensible upbringing of the members of the Royal Family. Not only is he an enthusiast at cricket and golf, but he is also devoted to the opera, and during the present season has been a constant visitor there with his mother. Another hobby of Prince Maurice is photography. In our illustration he is seen holding one of his sister's (Princess Victoria's) prize cats.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Miss Vere Dawnay

Daughter of Lady Victoria Dawnay, and winner of the swimming championship held at the Bath Club. Miss Dawnay won the gold medal for the third time

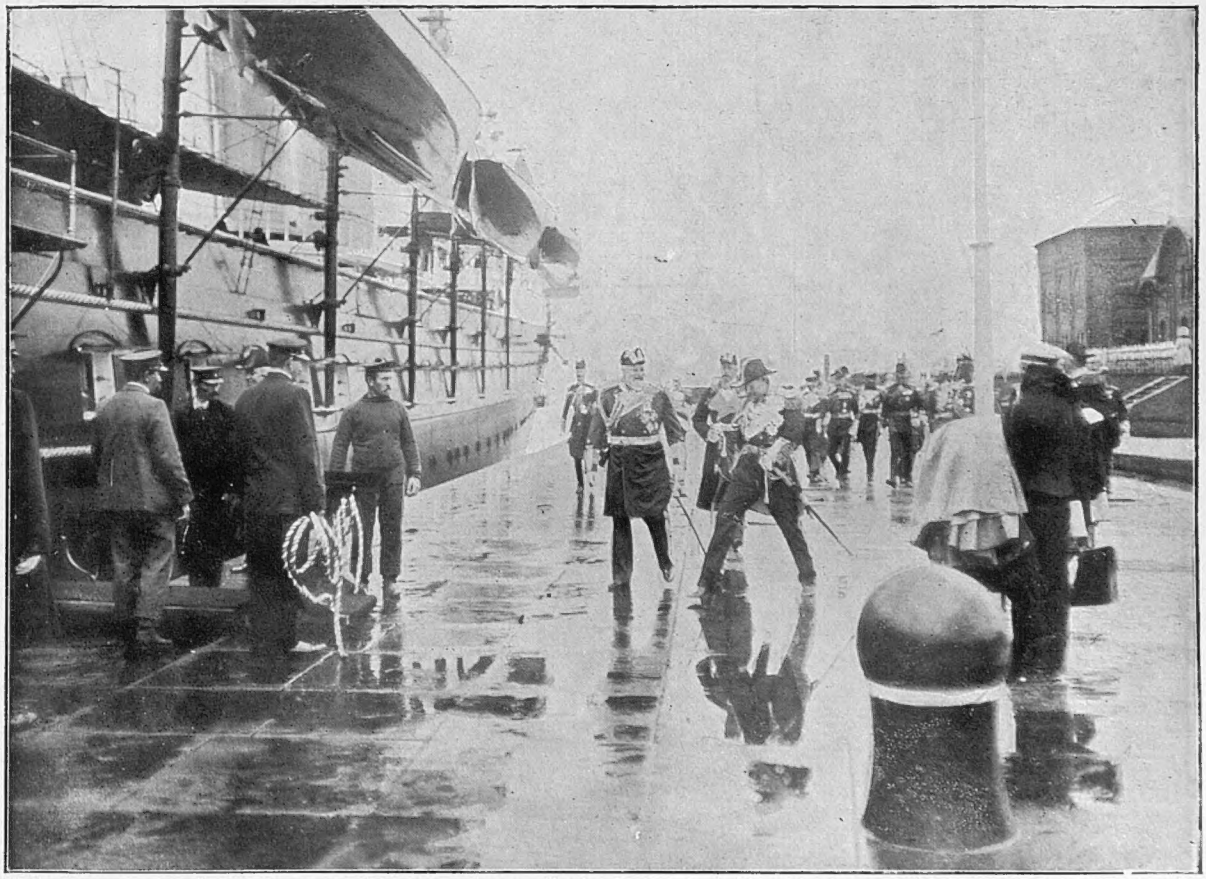


Mr. Lines, Butler, and Mr. Cripps, Curator, at Eton

These gentlemen are two very important functionaries of the College, and are mainly responsible for the smooth working of the different ceremonies

Two Persons of Importance at Eton

The recent Royal visit to Eton College has brought the ancient foundation much before the public, although the visit itself was strictly a private one. The illustration shows two important actors in the general routine of the College life. The College Butler and Curator have been connected for years with Eton, and it is largely due to them both that big College functions pass off so successfully. The work of Mr. Lines, the College Butler, lies in the College hall principally, where the seventy King's scholars take dinner and supper. Punctuality and method are his two mottoes, and with his gift of organising, the work in his department goes like clockwork. Besides his duties as Butler, he is also verger at the Chapel; this demands his services twice daily, and often three times on Sundays. He has been connected with the College for forty-nine years. Mr. Cripps, the Curator, has been connected with Eton over fifty years, and his pride for the College is shown very much, when conducting visitors through the rooms within the Cloisters, which are under his care. He is strongly antagonistic when startling innovations to the old ways and rules of the College are proposed. He resides at the lodge entrance, under Lupton's Tower (where the photograph was taken), and a very interesting sight it is to see him surrounded with pigeons taking the food from his hands, while, from the gateway, jealous eyes are being cast from others of his pets, namely, two cats, who sit with dignity watching the proceedings. Visitors find Mr. Cripps at his best when showing them the treasures of the College library. Long may they both be spared to carry on the traditions of fair Eton, which they have so faithfully served in the past!



The King and the German Emperor at Kiel

The Kaiser was overheard by our snapshottist poking a little mild fun at the English climate. "Regular English weather," he exclaimed to King Edward, as he stepped gingerly over a puddle

Scene from Milton's *Comus*: "The Temptation"

As played by the Mermaid Society in the grounds of Thorpe Lodge, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill

Comus tries to entrap the lady and persuade her to taste the poisoned cup, which will change her into a brutish form. She resists the temptation

Why American Women are Popular in England*

By MARIE CORELLI

Why is the American woman so popular in English society? Why is her charmingly assertive personality acknowledged everywhere? Why is she received by knights and earls and belted churls with such overpowering enthusiasm? Surely some hing subtle, elusive and mysterious, clings to her particular form, nature and identity, for more often than not, the stolid Britisher, while falling at her feet and metaphorically kissing the hem of her garment, wonders vaguely how it is that she manages to make such a fool of him! To which, she might reply, on demand, that if he were not a fool already, she would not find her task so easy. For the American woman is, above all women in the world, clever—or let us say "brainy" to an almost incredible height of brainyness. She is "all there." She can take the measure of a man in about ten minutes and classify him as though he were a botanical specimen. She realises all his limitations, his "notions," and his special and particular fads,—and she has the uncommonly good sense not to expect much of him. She would not "take any" on the lily-maid of Astolat, the fair Elaine, who spent her time in polishing the shield of Lancelot, and who finally died of love for that most immoral but fascinating Knight of the Round Table. No, she wouldn't polish a shield, you bet! She would make Lancelot polish it himself for all he was worth, and polish her own dear little boots and shoes for her into the bargain. That is one of her secrets—masterfulness—or, let us say queenliness, which sounds better. The Lord of creation can do nothing in the way of ordering *her* about,—because as the Lady of creation she expects to order *him* about,—and she does. She expects to be worked for, worshipped and generally attended to,—and she gets her way. What she wants, she will have,—though "Companies" smash, and mighty Combines split into infinite nothingness; and more than any tamer of wild forest animals she makes all her male lions and bears dance at her bidding.

Perhaps the chief note in the ever-ascending scale of her innumerable attractions is her intense vitality. The mixed blood of many intelligent races courses through her delicate veins and gives a joyous lightness to the bounding of her heart and the swift grace of her step. She is full of energy as well as charm. If she sets out to enjoy herself, she enjoys herself thoroughly. She talks and laughs freely. She is not a mere well-dressed automaton like the greater majority of upper-class British dames. She is under the impression,—(a perfectly correct one) that tongues were given to converse with, and that lips, especially pretty ones, were made to smile with. She is, taken at her best, eminently good-natured, and refreshingly free from the jaundiced spite against others of her own sex which savours the afternoon chitter-chatter of nine out of every ten English spinsters and matrons taken together in conclave. She would, on the whole, rather say a kind thing than a cruel one. Perhaps this is because she is herself always so triumphant in her social career,—because she is too certain of her own power to feel "the pangs of unrequited love," or to allow herself to be stung by the "green-eyed monster" jealousy. Her car is always rolling over roses,—there is always a British title going a-begging,—always some decayed or degenerate or semi-drunken peer, whose fortunes are on the verge of black ruin, ready and willing to devour, monster-like, the holocaust of an American virgin, provided bags of bullion are flung, with her, into his capacious maw. Though certainly, one should look upon the frequent marriages of American heiresses with effete British nobles, as the carrying out of a wise and timely dispensation of Providence. New blood—fresh sap, is sorely needed to invigorate the grand old tree of the British aristocracy, which has of late been looking sadly as though dry rot were setting in,—as though the woodlice were at work in its heart, and the rats burrowing at its root. But, thanks to the importation of a few clean-minded, sweet-souled American women, some of the most decayed places in the venerable stem have been purged and purified,—the sap has risen, and new boughs and buds of promise are sprouting. And it is full time that this should be. For we have had to look with shame and regret upon many of our English lords caught in gambling dens,—and shown up in dishonourable bankruptcies;—some of them have disported themselves upon the "variety" stage, clad in women's petticoats and singing comic songs for a fee,—others have "hired

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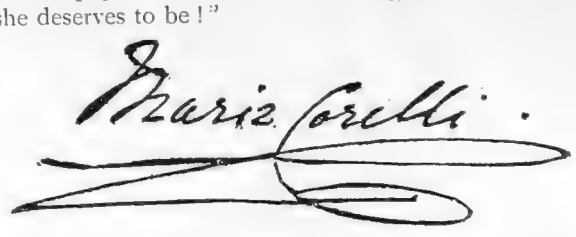
themselves out" as dummy figures of attraction at evening parties, accepting five guineas for each appearance,—and they have become painfully familiar objects in the Divorce Court, where the stories of their most unsavoury manners and customs, as detailed in the press, have offered singular "instruction and example" to those "lower" classes whom they are supposed to more or less influence. A return to the old motto of "noblesse oblige" would not be objectionable; a re-adopting of old *un*-blemished scutcheons of honour would be appreciated, even by the so-called "vulgar,"—and a great noble who is at the same time a great man, would in this present day, be accepted by all classes with an universal feeling of grateful surprise and admiration.

But, *revenons à nos moutons*,—the social popularity of the American woman in English society. That she *is* popular is an admitted and incontestable fact. She competes with the native British female product at every turn,—in her dress, in her ways, in her irresistible vivacity, and above all in her intelligence. When she knows things, she lets people know that she knows things. She cannot sit with her hands before her in stodgy silence, allowing other folks to talk. That is an English habit. No doubt the English girl or woman knows quite as much as her American sister, but she has an unhappy knack of assuming to be a fool. She says little, and that little not to much purpose,—she looks less,—it is dimly understood that she plays hockey, tennis and golf, and has large feet. She is an athletic Enigma. I write this, of course, solely concerning those British women, young, middle-aged and elderly, who make "sport" and out-door exercise the chief aim and end of existence. But I yield to none in my love and admiration for the real, genuine, *un*modernised English maiden, at her gentlest and best,—she is the rosebud of the world. And I tender devout reverence and affection to the *un*-fashionable, single-hearted, dear, loving and ever-beloved English wife and mother—she is the rose in all its full-blown glory. Unfortunately, however, these English rosebuds and roses are seldom met with in the sweltering, scrambling crowd called "society." They dwell in quiet country-places where the lovely influences of their modest and retiring lives are felt but never seen. Society likes to be seen rather than felt. There is all the difference. And in that particular section of it whose aim is seeing to be seen, and seen to be seeing, the American woman is as an oasis in the desert. She also wants to be seen,—but she expresses that desire so naïvely, and often so bewitchingly, that it is a satisfaction to everyone to grant her request. She also would see,—and her eyes are so bright and roving and restless, that Mother Britannia is perforce compelled to smile indulgently, and to open all her social picture-books for the pleasure of the spoilt child of eternal Mayflower pedigree. It has to be said and frankly admitted too, that much of the popularity attending an American girl when she first comes over to London for a "season" is due to an idea which the stolid Britisher gets into his head, namely, that she has, she *must* have, Money. The American girl and Money are twins, according to the stolid Britisher's belief. And when the stolid Britisher fixes something — anything — into the passively-resisting matter composing his brain, it would take Leviathan, with, not one, but several hooks, to *un*fix it. And thus it often happens that the sight of a charmingly-dressed, graceful, generally "smart" American girl attracts the stolid Britisher in the first place because he says to himself—"Money!" He knows all the incomes of all the best families in his own country,—and none of them are big enough to suit him. But the American girl arrives as more or less of a financial mystery. She may have thousands,—she may have millions,—he can never be quite sure. And he does all he can to ingratiate himself with her and give her a good time "on spec." to begin with, while he makes cautious and diplomatic enquiries. If his hopes rest on a firm basis, his attentions are redoubled—if, on the contrary, they are built on shifting sand, he gradually diminishes his ardour and like a "wilting flower" fades and "fizzles" away.

I am here reminded of a certain Earl, renowned in the political and social world, who, when he was a young man, went over on a visit to America, and there fell, or feigned to fall, deeply in love with a very sweet, very beautiful, very gentle and lovable American girl. In a brief while he became engaged to her. The engagement was made public—the wedding day was almost fixed. The girl's father was extremely wealthy, and she was the only child and sole heiress. But an unfortunate failure,—a gigantic collapse in the money market, made havoc of the father's fortunes, and as soon as his ruin was declared beyond a doubt, the noble Earl, without much hesitation or ado, broke off his engagement, and rapidly decamped from the States back to his own country, where, as all the world knows, he did very well for himself. Strange to say, however, the girl whom he had thus brutally forsaken for no fault of her own, had loved him with all the romantic and trusting tenderness of first love, and the heartless blow inflicted upon her by his noble and honourable lordship was one from which she never recovered. The Noble and Honourable has, I repeat, done very well for himself, though it is rumoured that he sleeps badly, and that he has occasionally been heard muttering after the fashion of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark—"Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space were it not that I have bad dreams!"

Marriage, however, is by no means the only, or even the chief resource in life of the American woman. She evidently looks with a certain favour on the holy estate of matrimony and is quite willing to become an excellent wife and mother if the lines of her destiny run that way, but if they should happen to branch out in another direction, she wastes no time in useless pining. She is too vital, too capable, too intelligent and energetic altogether to play the *rôle* of an interesting martyr to male neglect. She will teach, or she will lecture,—she will sing, or she will act,—she will take her degrees in medicine and surgery,—she will practise for the Bar,—she will write books, and the days are fast approaching when she will become a high priestess of the Church, and will preach to the lost sheep of Israel as well as to the equally lost ones of New York

or Chicago;—she will be a "beauty doctor," a "physical culture" woman, a "medium," a stock-broker, a palmist, a florist, a house-decorator, a dealer in lace and old curiosities,—ay! she will even become a tram-car conductor if necessity compels and the situation is open to her,—and she will manage a cattle ranch as easily as a household, should opportunity arise. Marriage is but one link in the long chain of her general efficiency, and like Cleopatra, "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety." A curious fact and one worth noting is that we seldom or never hear Americans use the ill-bred expression "old maid" when alluding to such of their feminine relatives or friends who may happen to remain unmarried. They know too well that these confirmed and settled spinsters are as capable and as well to the front in the rush of life as the wedded wives, if not more so,—they know that among these unmarried feminine forces they have to reckon with some of the cleverest heads of the day to whom no opprobrious term of contempt dare be applied,—women who are editors and proprietors of great newspapers,—women who manage famous schools and colleges,—women who, being left with large fortunes, dispense the same in magnificently organised but *un*advertised charities,—women who do so command by their unassisted influence certain social movements and events, that if indeed they *were* to marry, something like confusion and catastrophe might ensue among the circles they control by the introduction of a new and possibly undesirable element. "Old maid" may apply to the unfortunate female who has passed all the days of her youth in talking about men and in failing to catch so much as one of the wandering tribe, and who, on arriving at forty years, meekly retires to the chimney corner with shawl over her shoulders and some useful knitting,—but it carries neither meaning nor application to the brisk, brilliant American spinster who at fifty keeps her trim svelte figure, dresses well, goes here, there and everywhere, and sheds her beaming smile with good-natured tolerance, and perchance something of gratitude as well, on the men she has escaped from. Life does not run only in one channel for the American Woman. She does not "make tracks" solely from the cradle to the altar, from the altar to the grave. She realises that there is more fun to be got out of being born than just this little old measure meted out to her by the barbaric males of earliest barbaric periods, when women were yoked to the plough with cattle,—as they still are in some parts of Switzerland. And it is the innate consciousness of her own power and intelligent ability that gives her the dominating charm,—the magnetic spell under which the stolid Britisher falls more or less stricken, stupefied and inert. He is never a great talker; she is. Her flow of conversation bewilders him. She knows so much too—she chatters of Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Keats—and he thinks he has heard of these people somewhere before. He listens dumbly. Sometimes he scratches his head,—occasionally he feels his moustache, if he has one. When she laughs, he smiles slowly and dubiously. He hopes she is not laughing at *him*. He feels—he feels—dontcherknow—that she is "ripping." He couldn't tell you what he means by "ripping" to save his life. But painfully accustomed as he is to the dull and listless conversation of the British materfamilias, and to the half-hoydenish conduct of the British tom-boy girl who *will* insist on playing golf and hockey with him in order not to lose him out of her sight, he is altogether refreshed and relieved when the American Woman dawns upon his cloudy horizon, and instead of waiting upon *him*, commands him to wait upon *her* with one dazzling look of her bright, audacious eye. The American Woman is not such a fool as to go play hockey with him at all times and in all weathers, thereby allowing him to take the unchecked measure of her ankles. She is too clever to do anything that might possibly show her in an unlovely or ungraceful light. She takes care to keep her hands soft and small and white, that they may be duly caressable,—and makes the best and prettiest of herself on all and every occasion. And that she has succeeded in taking English society by storm is no matter of surprise. English society, unmixed with any foreign element, is frequently said to be the dullest in the world. It is an entertainment where no one is entertained. A civil apathy wraps each man and woman in its fibrous husk, and sets them separately apart behind barricades of the most idiotic conventionality. The American Woman is the only being that can break down these barricades and tear the husk to shreds. No wonder she is popular! The secret of her success is in her own personal charm and vivacious intelligence,—in her light scorn of stupid ceremonies,—in the frank geniality of her disposition (when she can manage to keep it unspoilt by contact with the reserved hypocrisy of the "Smart Set",) and the delightful spontaneity of her thoughts which find such ready expression in equally spontaneous speech. Altogether the American Woman is a valuable importation into Great Britain. She is an incarnation of the Present, and an embryo of the Future. She is a gifted daughter of the British race, holding within her bright, vital, ambitious identity many of the greater possibilities of Britain. And to the question "Why is she popular?" the answer is simple—"Because she deserves to be!"



Next week, Miss Corelli will continue her criticism of the Church in an article entitled "Unchristian Clerics"

"Pagan London"

WHAT "BYSTANDER" READERS THINK

We regret that we are unable to publish many of the letters received, owing to lack of space

A Criticism

SIR,—Archdeacon Sinclair took a very superficial view of the religious condition of the great community in which he is a leading light, when he denounced London as a pagan city because only 18 per cent. of the population attend churches or chapels. The Archdeacon should know that a man's religion does not depend on regular attendance at church. Many in all ages have used religious observances as a cloak for their sins and a help to swindle their fellows. Such hypocrites, whether lay or clerical, are mainly responsible for the paganism that abounds. Many men who try to live Christ-like lives by helping their neighbours, rarely darken a church door. This is much to be regretted. The Church urgently needs such men; but they are not to be caught by being denounced as pagans. Persuasion, and not scolding, is the course that a prudent ecclesiastic would seek to follow. Archdeacon Sinclair claims to be very amenable to advice. I commend this suggestion to his prayerful consideration.

Miss Marie Corelli's criticism of Archdeacon Sinclair's position is extravagantly sensational, and more mischievous in its tendency than the views that it seeks to condemn. The wholesale denunciation of the London clergy as pagan is a gross and unjustifiable libel on an earnest and well-meaning body of men. There are a few black sheep, but they are only like the spots on the sun. According to Miss Corelli, the Broad Churchmen—who accept the results of modern science and modern scholarship without troubling themselves as to how their new views can be harmonised with mediæval doctrines—are guilty of taking money for a new betrayal of Christ. The High Churchmen, in the opinion of Miss Corelli, care nothing for the spirit of the faith, and attend only to theatrical processional services and promenades, with various altar bobbings and other foolish ceremonies. Such High Churchmen are accused of being disloyal both to God and the King. Personally, I sympathise with the Broad Churchmen. The High Church ceremonies mean as little to me as they do to Miss Corelli; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that these ceremonials are helpful to the religious life of many; and that some of the most zealous workers for the social amelioration of the lot of the London poor are to be found among the extreme High Church clergy. In my opinion, there should be plenty of room in the Church of England for Broad, High, and Low Churchmen, and they might all be usefully employed in combating in their own way the paganism of a practical kind that is too prevalent in all parts of the country.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

MALACHI MALAGROUTHER, JUN.

Christianity, a Dead Relig on

By R. C. FILLINGHAM, (Vicar of Hexton).

SIR,—As a clergyman I should like to emphasise and amplify the fact which is being brought to our notice now—the fact that London is Pagan, England is Pagan, and the so-called Christian Churches are practically Pagan themselves.

I believe that since the fourth century after Christ, Christianity has practically ceased to exist.

The early Church took Jesus Christ at His word, and believed it was her *duty to* keep His commandments. She remembered that He had said, "Ye are my friends if ye do *whatsoever* I command you"—not a few things. And so, among other things, the early Christians obeyed the Royal Commands laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. Christ had said, "Resist not evil," and so they did not resist evil: they turned the other cheek. Christ had said, "Love your enemies," and they realised that that was quite inconsistent with thrusting cold steel into them, making their wives widows and their children orphans: and so many a disciple was put to death for refusing to bear arms. Christ had said, "Him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also;" and so the early Christians "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." The early Church was an obedient Church, and therefore a Christian Church.

Then, from political motives, Constantine became nominally a Christian; Christianity, unhappily, became fashionable; Pagans crowded, half-converted, into the Christian Church—and paganised it. The sacramental system is pure Paganism, The worship of the Virgin Mary is the adaptation of the worship of Venus. The ceremonial of Rome and Ritualism is copied from the ceremonial of the heathen temples. The idea that grace is conferred by material means—water, bread, wine—is purely Pagan in origin. And as the doctrines of Christianity were changed, so were its ethics. War, revenge, prosecution of offenders, were permissible among the heathens, and so now became permissible among nominal and degenerate Christians.

And so Christianity died out altogether. There are a few Christians here and there, but there is no Christian Church. That died long ago. The question of to-day is: Can we revive it?

Until it is revived, I, for one, am content that the churches should be empty. Why should the working-classes go to church to have pagan parsons preach a pagan religion? You must convert the parsons before we can fill the churches and draw the people.

The Bishops, to begin with, are pure Pagans. Not long ago, they publicly and unitedly avowed their Paganism. When the Welsh Disestablishment Bill was before Parliament, had they been Christians they would have welcomed the opportunity of showing they were in the Apostolic Succession by taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods. But they held a united service in that chief temple of Paganism, St. Paul's Cathedral, to declare their disbelief in Christ and their intention to disobey Him.

Palaces, liveries, "my Lords," "your Graces"! If Christ returned to Earth, He would say again, "How can ye believe which receive honours one from another?" No, if we are to go to the root of the matter, we must begin by trying to convert the Bishops to Christianity.

The Clergy are absolutely Pagan. To take one point, they are, nearly to a man, members of some Church Defence Society—some society for safeguarding their pockets. And then they profess to be servants of Him who said that if anyone would take our cloke, we must let him have our coat as well. It is a sorry farce, and the working-classes see it. They do not formulate the matter into phrases, but they know very well that the majority of the clergy of the Church of England are pure humbugs—Christian only in name—and they will have nothing to do with them.

We have many futile missions to convert the "lapsed masses." What we want is a mission to convert the lapsed parsons.

The churches are Pagan as a whole. They are silent about the greatest crime that can be committed against Christ, the crime of war. If there had been Christian Churches, either in England or South Africa five years ago, they would have spoken out and tried to stop the coming bloodshed. But they were silent. If there were Christian Churches in England now, they would speak out against the monstrous wickedness of destroying the wretched Tibetans. But they are silent. They dare not speak: they are content to betray the Master, regarding men more than Him.

And so we are living in a Pagan land. As long as this state of things continue, it is a good thing that the Churches are empty. We do not want to propagate semi-Paganism. Perhaps some day a Reformation will come, and Christianity will be revived. Then wars will cease, inequalities disappear, and the world will be a Paradise.

THE PANAMA CANAL: THE SCENE OF WASTED MILLIONS

(On December 2 of last year, the last of the many treaties for the construction and control of the Panama Canal was signed by the United States, this time with the newly recognised Republic of Panama, America agreed to pay £2,000,000 in cash and an annuity of £50,000 to the Republic. The Canal is to be neutral, and open to ships of all nations. The Americans, with their characteristic energy, should soon turn the scenes of desolation depicted below into one of the thriving highways of the world's commerce.)

The Canal, near Colon, looking towards the Pacific

The Panama Canal scheme is as old as the sixteenth century. Since the Americans have taken the matter in hand, the great work projected by Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez fame, seems likely to be completed

A Cutting on the Great Canal

This photograph shows part of the Culabra Cutting, When the total collapse of the Panama scheme occurred in 1891, over sixty millions had been expended

Huge Dredges, left stranded for the past Fifteen Years

Many of the Panama "wasted millions" lie stranded, in the shape of huge river steamers and dredges, rotting along the banks of the Canal

Worthless boats along the Canal

Huge piles of rusted machinery, costing hundreds of thousands of pounds, are also to be seen lying useless, having lain there since 1889. Truly a scene of desolation!

The Topictator

THE KING AT KIEL

"THIS IS DELIGHTFUL, WILLIAM I HAVE ENJOYED YOUR SOCIETY AND YOUR HOSPITALITY AND THE REGATTA—AND YOUR EXCELLENT NEWSPAPERS TELL ME I'VE DONE A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD"

THE TIMES (WITH A MOCKING "HA! HA!)

"TOO LATE!"

THE INVASION OF LONDON — BY THE BRIGHTEST AND HAPPIEST CROWD EVER SEEN

THE PRESS PROCLAIMS ADMIRAL TOGO AS THE GREATEST SEA-FIGHTER SINCE NELSON

ADMIRAL TOGO (WITH CHARACTERISTIC MODESTY) "WAIT TILL I FINISH MY JOB AS HE DID HIS"

"SNAKES!!" "REPTILES!!" "HOUNDS!" "DOGS!" "GEESE!"

THE WORLD (TO MR DOWIE) "ALLOW ME, SIR"

F.G.

The Bystander in Parliament

PARLIAMENT AS A PASTIME—SOME RULES

When Mr. Balfour declared recently that if his men did not back him up he would not play any longer, the *Daily Mail*, with characteristic insight, explained that

> there have been many complaints of late of the slackness of Unionist members in attending at the House—a slackness due to the unsportsmanlike conduct of the Opposition, who do not play the Parliamentary game with any sense of fairness.

The accusation is not that the Opposition has taken an unsportsmanlike advantage of the Tories stopping away, but that the Tories stop away because the Opposition plays an unsportsmanlike game.

In these circumstances it may be well to submit a few hints as to the proper behaviour of an Opposition. To begin with, it should see that it is always in a minority, for nothing could be more unsportsmanlike than to outvote a Government. If by any accident the Opposition is present in greater numbers than the Government, then any member of the Opposition who is "a good sport" must vote with the Government, or must allow each Ministerialist to count two or more on a division, in order to redress the balance.

Whenever a vote or an estimate is submitted to the House, any discussion or suggested amendment is "bad form," and the man who attempts anything of the sort is "no sport." The leader of the Opposition should at such times rise in his place, and say to the Leader of the House, "Not another word, my dear fellow. Take what you want, and are you sure you have asked for enough? Would you like another million or two? Just say the word and it is yours"; and then the House could adjourn without question put.

It is a high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of the United Kingdom for any member of the Opposition to vote unless he has assured himself, through the usual channels, that the Prime Minister has no objection to his so doing. Any vote given either wilfully or inadvertently, in contravention of the letter or the spirit of this provision is, *ipso facto* as well as *ipso jure*, null and void. In the case of a wilful offender, he shall be hoofed from the precincts of the Palace for unsportsmanlike conduct, and required to clean the windows at No. 10, Downing Street, for the period of one week of seven full days.

The Leader of the House shall from time to time require that all business be suspended if the Whips acquaint him that his followers have not finished the sweets at their various dining resorts. A reasonable time having been allowed for coffee, and at least two cigarettes, the Leader of the Opposition should, if he wish to be recognised as a sportsman, suggest that, in order to facilitate public business, hansoms be sent, at the expense of the Opposition, in order to convey the Ministerialists to the House, together with injunctions that the laggards are on no account to hurry, or to inconvenience themselves.

On ordinary occasions, the members of the Opposition should remain in some remote room in the building, and should enter the House only when the Prime Minister sends for them. Their presence at other times might annoy or embarrass the members of the Government, and would therefore be of an unsportsmanlike nature. In the same way, a member of the Opposition, desiring to speak, should, in addition to catching the Speaker's eye, obtain a nod of permission from the Leader of the House. All gentlemen thus speaking on the nod must desist immediately any member above the gangway on the Government side yawns or shows any sign of weariness or impatience.

When any Cabinet Minister enters the House, all members of the Opposition present shall rise, and shall continue to stand, until such time as the Minister be seated, and signify his pleasure that they resume their seats. When leaving the House, all Opposition members who wish to be regarded as sportsmen shall, in addition to the customary bow to Mr. Speaker, kneel on the floor and kow-tow to the occupants of the Treasury bench, knocking their foreheads three times on the mat. When any Minister shows a desire to kick the kow-towing member, the leader of the Opposition shall see that due facilities are granted.

In the event of the Opposition resolving to attempt a "snatch division," six days' notice must be given in writing to the Whips of the Government, stating exactly the day and the hour when the insidious and unsportsmanlike attempt is to be made. If the Government Whip should be unable, during the six days, to get a majority together, the Opposition shall, on being acquainted with the facts, put off their attempt, from time to time, until the Government Whip declares himself ready. If by any accident the attempt were after all to succeed, the division shall be cancelled, and the Leader of the Opposition shall apologise, standing on the table for that purpose, and holding a volume of Hansard in each hand above his head.

In addition to these particular provisions, the opposi- is expected to support the Government in every way, and to arrange to be thoroughly defeated every now and then, in order to provide raw material for the Unionist press. Should any doubt be felt as to what is sportsmanlike and what is unsportsmanlike in Parliamentary conduct, the Leader of the Opposition shall approach, on all fours, the Editor of the *Daily Mail* (Baronet), whose word shall be accepted as final. In this way it is hoped that such annoyances as the Government in general and the Prime Minister in particular have been subjected to, of late, will be removed, and that the procedure in the House of Commons will be restored to a level which would satisfy a committe of the stable boys of Newmarket or the racing tipsters at Kempton Park.

S. L. H.

"At the Sign of the Times"

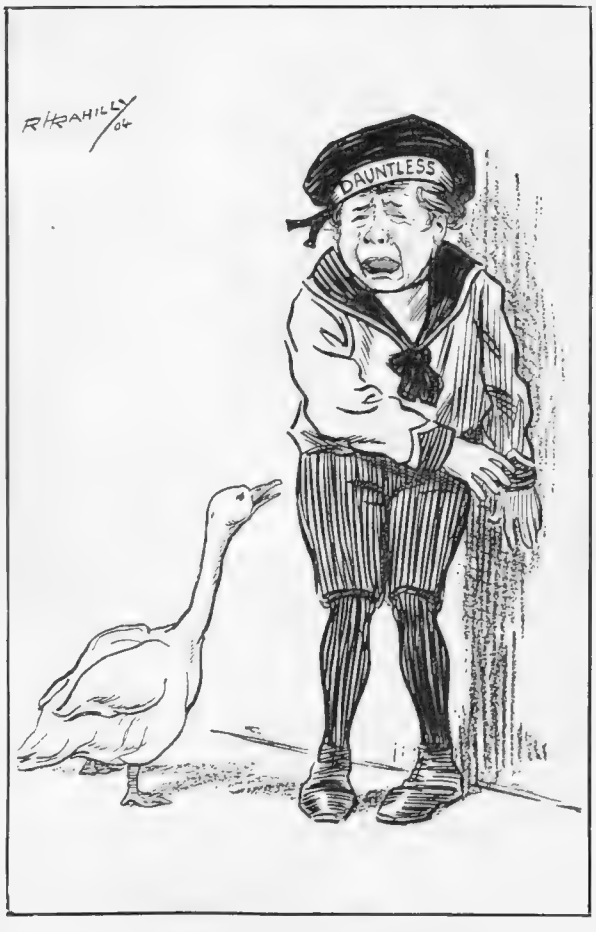
ABOUT BERI-BERI; THE WEATHER; AND OTHER MATTERS

A Few Words About the Flow of Unnecessary Information

Some steps will certainly have to be taken soon to protect the public from being overwhelmed by unnecessary advice—especially in matters concerning their holidays. I mentioned in a recent article the persistence of the railways in driving tourists to seek out places they don't want to see at all by means of lurid advertisements. An even more demoralising system is adopted by a little paper I sometimes read, which recently changed its price from one penny to a ha'penny.

Leading to

It has a staff of "local correspondents" on the coast and elsewhere, who send in daily reports of the state of weather at their respective towns. No doubt some people like to know what sort of a day yesterday was at Clacton or Scarborough. They have aunts living there whom a cold wind might affect; or they used to live there themselves when they were young and happy, and they are pleased to be able to compare the weather of yesterday with the weather of thirty years ago. "By Jove! Five and a half hours' sunshine at Clacton! That's not bad!" One can picture an old Clacton man giving vent to some such enthusiastic ejaculation as he rides to the City in the Underground, and a Scarborough man replying proudly, "There were seven hours clear in Yorkshire, I understand."



Sheer Bewilderment and

But we cannot picture the ordinary Londoner very much concerned about the matter, unless he happens to be contemplating a holiday in one of these favoured spots. And it is just under these circumstances that the aforesaid weather reports will drive him to distraction. For he is undecided—let us assume—as to whether he will select Clacton or Scarborough. Much depends on the weather. He reads—"Clacton: Beautiful." That seems to settle it, until in mere curiosity he looks at Scarborough. "Scarborough: Splendid." Here is a poser at once—Is beautiful weather pleasanter than splendid weather? The "local correspondents" do not say, but they inform you—for your further bewilderment—that yesterday Eastbourne was bright, Torquay delightful, Keswick brilliant, and Dover fine.

The Skipper's Holiday

No wonder that many people are driven — through sheer inability to make up their minds how they prefer their weather—to retire into their bedrooms for the holidays, pull down the blinds and skip themselves into health and spirits with one of Dr. Bond's Girbolas. Girbolas, as everyone knows, are a special sort of skipping-rope, adapted for the use of people suffering from heart disease, bronchitis, and other ills —including torpor, I fancy.

Use of the Girbola in Politics

Some people think that Mr. Balfour would be well advised in sending one of these helpful little ropes to each of his followers, instead of writing them threatening letters. Others maintain that the only cure for political beri-beri is a General Election.

Beri-beri and the Duke of Devonshire

Beri-beri, by the way, has been a good deal discussed lately by the medical men who write to the papers in their leisure moments. It appears to be a kind of paralysis—due to the

inevitable micro-organism, which knows so much more about us than we know about it; and sufferers from the sleeping sickness do not necessarily look as if they were fast asleep. This last fact should dispose of the rumour that beri-beri was first introduced into the House of Lords by the Duke of Devonshire.

A July Problem

Why do people always begin to disappear at the beginning of July? Careful readers will have noted that quite half-a-dozen have vanished already in the most unaccountable manner. One theory, which has not yet been disproved, is that they disappear in many cases for the same reason as that for which the sea serpent reappears. Editors want copy.

Ratepayers and Detectives

If ratepayers only knew, they would rise in a body and slay Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. By luring detectives on to imitate Mr. Sherlock Holmes, he is costing many of us dear. Who, but he, is responsible for the fact that "Disguised as butchers, hawkers, and ice-cream vendors, detectives have for some time been on the track of alleged coiners in South London"? That they have caught the alleged coiners in this particular case is no excuse. They might have done that in half an hour without qualifying for a place in Dr. Watson's note-book: and saved their own time and the ratepayers' money.

Barbarous

TONSORIAL ARTIST: "And what would you like on your face, sir?"
VICTIM *(savagely, after having been cut)*: "Sticking plaster!"

Where to Utter Coins

It was stated in this case that one of the two prisoners had been seen to utter two bad florins at buffets at London Bridge Station. The law forbids me to comment on the case—but I cannot help saying that if I were ever tempted to utter two bad florins I should certainly choose a railway buffet to utter them at. And I should plead the food I had been served with, as extenuating circumstances.

An Earthly Paradise

There are many and diverse views as to the precise whereabouts of the Earthly Paradise. William Morris is said to have located it at Rouen, that city of lovely churches. Dr. Dowie of course is biased—in favour of Zion City. Apart from other reasons, there are—he points out—twelve thousand hands making candy there.

Concerning a Crisis

"At this critical juncture White joined Snooke." Historians of the future who may happen upon the fragment of the *Daily News* containing the above words will wonder what the Crisis was. An invasion of England? Could Snooke have been the Commander-in-Chief of the conscript army, and White, Commander of an Army Corps? And did they effect that fateful union of forces upon the Sussex Downs—or where? . . . Of course the historians will be out of it. The crisis occurred in a cricket match which ended in a tie. The match was played between—but I leave that for the historians. It was a crisis . . . . in its flannelled way, as Mr. Kipling would say.

Courtesy and Motorists

The old-fashioned prejudice against motorists is dead. Mr. Justice Grantham drove that fact home when he courteously inquired the other day of some jurymen, "Are any of you gentlemen motorists?" It seems strange to think that there was a time when most judges would have framed that question in the somewhat different form—"Are any of you motorists gentlemen?"

MINIMUS.

Without Apology

Mr. Louis Schwelke, an American newspaper man, who is without hands and arms, contrives to do the whole of his writing with his teeth. It is claimed that amongst journalists his case is unique. Without wholly contesting the claim, we would observe that our studies in the anatomy of journalists have led us to the conclusion that more than one newspaper man is dependent less upon his hands and arms than upon his cheek and side.

The cry that the twentieth century has produced no great prose writers will now surely be hushed for ever. A rich and rare contribution to the country's literature is being built up by cricket writers in the *Daily Mail*. We venture to offer one or two brief specimens, in the hope—as the literary critics in the cheap papers say—of sending the reader to search for himself in this storehouse of classical English:

At the close of the day we leave off slightly to the good. After losing six for 126, chiefly knocked up by Keigwin and McDonell, Payne came in and played at fireworks.

He hit magnificently all round the wicket, and especially took tea with Bosanquet. Bosanquet waggled out four of us, and Payne bowled very well.

The 'Varsity match will be the great topic of the week, and though the Light Blues' team is still incomplete, the game appears to be likely to result in a triumph for the wearers of the colours of a more sombre hue.

Mark the grand cadences, the lofty imagery, the sonorous phrasing: mark and—marvel!

The *Pearson's Weekly* £5 a Week for Life Competition has been won by a phrenologist. Mr. Pearson will no doubt offer this gentleman a seat upon the Tariff Commission. A Bumptious person is *persona grata* there.

The new member for Devonport is said to have felt at home at Westminster immediately on catching sight of the Clock Tower. "My big brother!" he is stated to have exclaimed.

The *Daily News* heads a leader thus:

THE KING AND "THE GENERAL."

The King has not, however, been interesting himself in the domestic service problem; the headline refers merely to the Rev. William Booth, of the Salvation Army.

A contemporary, in giving a list of Conservative carpet-baggers, remarks: "Mr. Arnold-Forster, as member for West Belfast, has carried his bag an unusually long way."

If rumours of Cabinet dissensions have any foundation in fact, it is possible that the War Secretary may make an exchange of burdens, and take up, in place of the bag, the sack.

The Finnishing touch seems to have been put on Russia's misfortunes.

The revolt of the Telephone Girls has ended in success for the promoters of the agitation. Personally, we were unable to lend our support to the movement. As Englishmen, we are absolutely opposed to striking women.

Although it is the pathetic truth, as Sir Edward Carson says, that "those who perform on the stage often give pleasure at a time when they themselves are suffering pain"; a visit to certain musical comedies suggests the equally pathetic fact that the audience often suffers pain while those on the stage are giving pleasure.

"Skipping At Homes" are said to be the latest craze. A visit to Mudie's elicits the fact these have no connection with the recent fashion of "Book Teas."

The L.C.C. has made another joke, this time in the shape of a "List of Abbreviations for the convenience of the Council." O.T., H.S.M., and J.A.M.T.I. all have their humours: but by far the funniest is H.A.G., and this must be acknowledged a success. The euphonious letters refer to the Head Assistant Girls' (!) Department. Perhaps H.A.G.D. was rejected, because a big D was thought shocking to the girls.

By a Summer Sea

"It is becoming more and more difficult to discover, in England, a holiday resort which is not being improved out of all knowledge by the jerry-builder or the officious town council."
—Daily Paper.

Branscombe was a tiny townlet, nestling by the Devon shore.
Branscombe was a thing of beauty, in the gladsome days of yore.
True, it was a trifle lonely, ten miles from the way of trains;
Furthermore, it lacked diversions, not to speak of shops and drains.
Fishy smells clung round the High Street, where the lasses barefoot ran;
Like their town, the people boasted, manners of the primal clan.
Did it matter? Not one button. Why? 'Tis easy, sure, to tell—
No one ever came to Branscombe, save the few who loved it well.

Then (alas, the woeful telling) came the day when Silas Ware,
Local preacher, local draper, saw that Branscombe beach was fair;
Called a meeting of his brethren, conjured them by dreams of gold,
To assist the march of progress, which ensures new towns for old.
Branscombe listened to the charmer, cast its old-world dreams away,
Got a motor-car extension with a service thrice a day;
Next restored the ancient church, and built a pier out from the quay,
Issued, then, a flashy poster, "Come to Branscombe-by-the-Sea."

Now it's all the world knows Branscombe, visits it and brings its wife,
'Midst the blare of bands and sirens, Branscombe leads the strenuous life;
Moonlight trips prove great attractions, as do brake-drives here and there,
So, again, the pier-pavilion, opened by Sir Silas Ware.
Yet there are misguided people, void of gratitude or taste,
Who in rancour curse the niggers and the motors and the haste;
From the esplanade of asphalte, and Hungarian bands they fly,
Seeking for a place like Branscombe, as it was in days gone by.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FAR EAST—AFTER SIX WEEKS IN TOKYO

First Correspondent: "Any news, old man?"

Second Correspondent: "Yes; I bought some trophies in the bazaar this morning, and I've just won my heat in the Billiard handicap"

CONCERNING COLONEL LOCKWOOD, M.P.

(No. 31 OF THE SERIES)

Carried away by the sight of that feverish devotion to the national welfare which marks the House of Commons at all times, the observer of Parliamentary affairs is very apt to forget that the members, though honourable, are human, and that some, at least, of the primitive instincts and desires of humanity find a place in the heart of every one of the several hundred gentlemen who sit on the green benches, or who are sent to Westminster on the assumption that they will do so. Thus, it is now recognised on all hands that proper provision must be made for the fact that man is a golfing animal, and the week-end is now, in all but name, a part of the Constitution. Again, the playgoing habit has to be taken into account by those whose business it is to keep a majority—which is a great deal more troublesome than keeping a white elephant. But most insistent and inevitable of all is the craving for food; and though the public spirit of our legislators is, happily, beyond all praise (men have repeatedly been known to lay aside the digestive cigar half-smoked at the call of the Whip) the problem of Dinner has always to be faced.

Out of this necessity arose the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, of which it may be said that, as it established itself and grew strong, the power and permanence of the Lower House became more firmly established. No less important a result of the existence of that committee has been the revealing of the greatness of Colonel Lockwood. He is one of those men framed in the prodigality of nature for affairs of this sort. To pretend that he, or anybody else, has brought the dining arrangements of the House into anything like a satisfactory condition, would be to proclaim oneself a poor judge of dinners to the band of honourable epicures who regard a meal in the House as the most painful sacrifice that their country can demand of them. But as much as it lies in human power to do under the hopeless conditions of catering which confront the Kitchen Committee, Colonel Lockwood has accomplished.

Yet with what ingratitude have he and his colleagues been treated! It was Mr. Chamberlain who said some years ago, in a speech in which he lightly discussed the prospect of prison fare, that he could face it with equanimity, since he was accustomed to dine in the House of Commons.

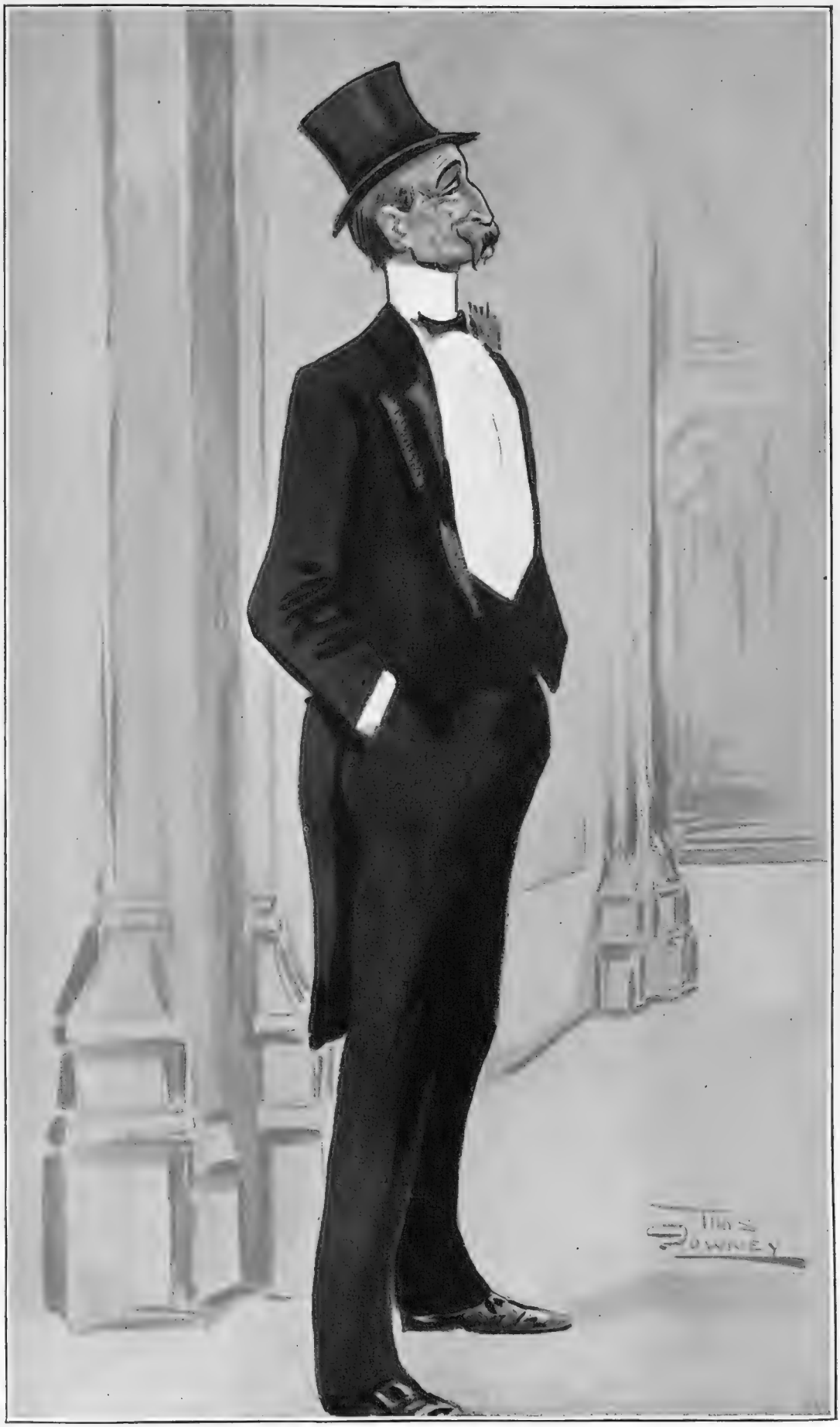
If that assembly is not, as many fastidious members declare, by any means the best club in London, it certainly contains many of the best clubmen. Arthur's and the Bachelors' know Colonel Lockwood well, not to speak of the harmless, necessary Carlton; and he is a splendid specimen of the clubbable type. A few men of his disposition make a club, otherwise composed of gouty growlers and unapproachable grandees, possible to live in. He is hail-fellow-well-met with everyone. His geniality, his talent for *camaraderie*, is of that extreme kind which goes with the wearing of the hat on the back of the head. His fondness for the society of his fellow-men is unappeasable. But it is no greater than his popularity.

The House of Commons has, at all times, certain favourites and privileged beings, just as it has always some whom everybody respects, and some, again, whom nobody trusts. It often happens that a man whom everybody in the House likes is, at the same time, the professor of views which render him detested by thousands of serious politicians outside the House, who know nothing of its domestic working. But Colonel Lockwood is a man for whom even the partisan journalist finds it hard to flog up any really convincing show of indignation. He does not attempt to put himself in the front rank of politics. He votes, as in duty bound; but it seems everywhere to be allowed that his proper place is in the tea-room, or in the "Members Only" enclosure on the Terrace. The House values a story from the Colonel behind the Speaker's chair more than many earnest speeches from well-meaning legislators in the Chamber.

His Eton days being over, his sword was placed at the disposal of his Sovereign in 1866, when he joined the Coldstream Guards. As an officer of that famous regiment he looked death in the face for seventeen years; but in 1883, sick of war and its horrors, he retired, and was for some time thereafter content to breathe his native air in his own ground, of which there is a considerable quantity at Romford, in Essex, where Bishop's Hall, his country house, is situate. There he became powerful, even to the point of being a magistrate and a county councillor.

It was by way of the General Election of 1892 that Colonel Lockwood entered the House of Commons, having stood for the Epping Division of Essex, and inflicted on the Gladstonian candidate a beating to the tune of 1,798 votes. Since that time no rash Radical has attempted the assault of the Lockwood position; though there is no knowing what lengths of boldness the Opposition may be encouraged to attempt in the approaching battle—if it is approaching. By all accounts, it is by no means unlikely that, by the time these lines appear in print, the Colonel and his fellow-members may be back in their constituencies preparing to sell their political lives dearly.

Whenever the struggle may come, there is no doubt as to the stand Colonel Lockwood will take. He is one of Mr. Chamberlain's most enthusiastic disciples, and has thrown himself into the fiscal campaign with all the impulsive energy of fifty-seven. Though he has been a London Water Company director, he does not believe in any restrictions on the sale of beer. But the worst enemies of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bung have a cordial feeling for Colonel Lockwood.



"Uncle Mark"

OUR SHORT STORY

A MERE SONG

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

One day, while studying in the National Library at Florence for a book I was writing on the secret history of the House of Medici, I came upon a passage by the old writer Corio, written in 1710, which stated that in the private chapel within the walls of the inaccessible mountain village of Castellina, away in the Apennines above Arezzo, there was still a "Holy Family" by the celebrated Florentine painter, Domenico Ghirlandajo.

This set me thinking. Perhaps it might still be there; perhaps it might be bought cheap! A genuine Ghirlandajo was not a treasure to be missed, therefore, on my return to my home, seven miles out of Florence, I began to inquire whether anyone knew Castellina. One man knew the place well, for he had been born there. Yes, in the chapel there was still an old picture over the altar. Nobody in Castellina thought anything of it, for the chapel was closed, and part of the roof had fallen in years and years ago.

This decided me, and taking with me my friend, Professor Pietro Paggi, the assistant director of the Pitti Gallery and one of the first authorities on Ghirlandajo, I made an excursion up to that walled, mediæval old place, hidden away behind the mountain crest. It took us two whole days to get there from Florence, and the last part of the journey we were compelled to accomplish on foot, up a stony, winding mule track.

Within the ponderous gateway ran a short, narrow street of uncleanly, ancient houses, with here and there patches of weedy ground, all enclosed by the high, enormous old brown walls with frowning battlements and narrow slits where the archers once shot their shafts: an ancient fortress in the days of the fierce wars between Florence and Pisa.

The chapel was, we found, a small building, half ruined and overgrown by ivy and creepers, built on to the outer wall in a far corner, and when the excitement of the villagers at our appearance had died down, we discovered a wizened-up old man who, with a big, rusty key, admitted us.

Within the ruin the weeds and bushes grew as high as one's armpits, and from the appearance of the place it was certain that no one had entered there for years. One end was open to the sky, while at the other, still hanging above the ruined, tawdry altar, was a large altarpiece, painted upon panel, which, notwithstanding its coating of dust and dirt, Paggi instantly recognised.

"My dear friend!" he exclaimed in English, so that the man with the key should not understand. "Secure it at all hazards. It is the actual 'Holy Family' mentioned by Vasari, but of which all trace has been lost since the end of the sixteenth century."

Then he mounted upon the altar-stone, and after a long and minute examination of the work, rubbing away the dirt here and there, he added:

"There is not a shadow of doubt. It is Domenico's masterpiece. If you want a real art-treasure, buy it. You are really lucky in making such a find!"

I knew Paggi's reputation as an expert too well. He was the first critic in Italy, and never gave a direct opinion on any work of doubtful origin. He had used his small magnifying-glass once or twice, in order to see if any fraud had been attempted. But it was original, he declared—the finest work of that great *maestro* of the Renaissance.

"This place belongs to the Marchese Demaria, I suppose?" I remarked to the little shuffling old man who had admitted us.

"No, signore. It is the property of old Francesco, the contadino, who lives at that white house across yonder. Do you wish to talk with him? He is very infirm nowadays, and cannot get out."

"Then I'll go over and see him," I said, and presently, after a good look at the art treasure I had so fortunately unearthed, we crossed the patch of rough, uncultivated ground where, from the smell, all the rubbish and offal of the village seemed to be deposited, and found an aged, decrepit old fellow seated crouched up over the log-fire upon the huge old open hearth. He was a weird-looking old man, with dark piercing eyes, long white hair, and a face white and almost transparent with age.

"Welcome, signori," he croaked when we demanded permission to enter; and then, after some preliminaries, I said:

"We've just been looking at that old picture you have in the chapel over there. It's going to rack and ruin—exposed as it is."

"Yes," he admitted. "I shall have to get a piece of glass put over it."

"I've been wondering whether you might possibly care to sell it," I said cautiously. "I want a picture for my own villa over at the Lastra, and it's just about the size I require to fit into a recess."

The old fellow gave vent to a low grunt.

"It's a good picture, signore—eh?" he asked, glancing at me quickly.

"Nothing very extraordinary," I responded. "It has no particular merit, except that it's old, and much

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injured by neglect. I should have to have it restored, and it will cost a good deal to put right. But, of course, if you don't wish to sell it, the matter is at an end," I added with affected carelessness.

"My grandfather always used to say it was a good picture—that—by a well-known painter," the old fellow exclaimed in his squeaky voice. "But I don't know anything about such things."

There was a silence. My heart beat quickly, for I half feared the old man knew it to be a genuine Ghirlandajo.

"I'm not in particular want of money, thank Heaven!" remarked Francesco slowly, "but I wouldn't mind selling it for ten thousand francs. It's on wood, and pictures on wood are always worth more than on canvas, I've heard."

Four hundred pounds! The best example of Domenico Ghirlandajo for four hundred pounds! It was worth, at the very lowest estimate, even at auction, anything from five thousand to ten thousand pounds—and, if it could be smuggled out of Italy, twice as much.

I begun to demur at the price, as is the Italian habit, but the infirm old fellow was obdurate, and it struck me that he knew it was a picture of value. Therefore, finding that I could not get it for less, and fearing to lose it altogether, I at last accepted his offer.

Neither he, nor the wizened-up man with the key could write, but a sharp-eyed young fellow was brought, who, after many clumsy attempts, made out a memorandum that Francesco Nerozzi, son of Giovanni, of Castellina, had agreed to sell to the Signor Cavaliere the "Holy Family," painted on wood, and now in the chapel of Castellina, for the sum of lire Italian ten thousand, the said sum to be paid on the following Saturday before mid-day.

I affixed my signature, and the old fellow made his cross, attested by the dark-faced young peasant.

Then, promising to return on Saturday, and highly elated at my success at securing what was the most magnificent bargain I had ever made in my life, we left and descended to the high road, where our rickety conveyance was in waiting.

"My dear friend," remarked Paggi, as we drove back in the direction of Florence, "I envy you. It is dirt cheap—a mere song. But have a care, and keep it a dead secret. You may, perhaps, want to send it out of Italy—you know," he added knowingly.

"Trust me," I laughed. "On Saturday night it will be safe in my villa, and I shall show it to nobody. I know the danger of boasting about bargains only too well."

From the bank in Florence I withdrew the sum agreed in notes, and on Thursday set out from the Lastra, accompanied by my man-servant Giuseppe, arriving up at the village on Saturday morning, but judge my disappointment when I found that old Francesco was not there to receive the money! On the previous day he had received word that his son in Rimini was dying, and he had undertaken the long journey by road across the mountains. His house was locked up. Nobody knew where his son lived at Rimini—somewhere outside the town, they thought—and nobody had any idea when the old fellow would be back.

Any other person but an ignorant Tuscan peasant would have left someone to receive the money and hand over the picture. But in Tuscany no man trusts his fellow, therefore I was compelled to return empty-handed.

Then every five or six days I sent Giuseppe over the mountains to ascertain whether the old fellow had returned, for I was anxious lest the bargain should slip through my fingers. The old fellow might die—and the real value of the picture would then probably be discovered.

For a whole month I existed in a state of daily anxiety and excitement, the money ready for the purchase, and yet unable to gain possession.

Late one night in March my faithful man returned from his long, lonely drive, and, entering, exclaimed excitedly:

"At last, Signor Cavaliere, he has returned! I have seen him, and he expects you the day after to-morrow! He suggests that you shall keep the purchase a secret, and bring a flat cart and canvas wrappings, in order to take the picture away. He apologised for his absence. It seems that his son is dead—of typhoid."

Soon after dawn, with Giuseppe driving, I set out, fully prepared with wrappings and straw, over those high blue mountains, the crests of which were still tipped with snow—away across the valley of the Pesa, beyond the Chianti, and on into that wild, uninhabited, uncultivated part of Central Italy beyond Monte Luco. We slept the night at San Giovanni, an obscure little village, and at mid-day I entered the ponderous old walls of Castellina.

Old Nerozzi was evidently expecting me, for the door of the chapel was open, and on entering I found three men carefully taking down the picture from the position it had occupied for the last four hundred years, creating a considerable dust thereby. Fortunately, I was there to superintend the work, or the precious panel might have been split by their clumsy forcing with chisels; but after half an hour, it was safely down, a great dirt-encrusted board, with its brilliant colourings hidden beneath the white dust of years.

One of the men began to brush it with his shirt-sleeve, but I stopped him, saying I would clean it myself.

Four men carried my treasure carefully down the mule track, and helped Giuseppe to pack it, with many wrappings of straw and canvas, upon the cart, while I entered the white-washed cottage, and paid the infirm old fellow the sum we agreed, receiving, in exchange, a receipt, which he had already had prepared, and only required his cross upon the stamp

"I believe that the picture is a valuable one, Signor Cavaliere," grunted the old fellow. "But if you are satisfied—I am," he added with a laugh. "Forgive me for my long absence. I feared to think what you must have thought of me. But my poor son—ah! my poor son!" and he crouched over the fire, warming his thin hands.

"Yes, yes," I said, eager to escape and get away now that the treasure was mine. "It was very sad—very." Then I added, "I must go, for I have a long drive. I will let you know what I think of the picture when it is cleaned and restored."

He beckoned me towards him, and then in a low confidential whisper he said:

"Signor Cavaliere, take my advice and do not let a soul know it is in your possession. You are an Inglese, and, therefore, desire to send it out of the country. But if it is known that the picture is in your possession, the law will prevent you from parting with it. From what my grandfather told me, I feel sure it is a work by one of the great artists," and his dark eyes glowed out of his thin, waxen face as he looked at me.

"Oh, all right," I laughed. "I shall keep the secret—never fear. This is not the first picture I've sent out of Italy without an official permit."

And he grinned with satisfaction, for your true Tuscan loves to defeat the thousand and one petty laws and annoying regulations.

"Before you go, Signor Cavaliere," croaked the old fellow, "permit me to offer you a glass of *vin santo*—some I grew twelve years ago."

Sometimes the peasantry have an excellent white dessert wine, which is kept for marriages and funerals, and being nothing loth to sample his after the dust I had swallowed in the old chapel, I allowed him to call Nello—one of the big burly men who had loaded up the picture—who produced a bottle, carefully uncorked it, and poured me out a glass.

I tasted it and found it excellent—the best *vin santo* I had ever tasted—and I told him so. Whereat he grinned again knowingly.

He took none himself, for it is not the custom of the peasant to drink with a signore. If he drinks, it is afterwards. Knowing this, I did not press him, but accepted a second glass.

Of a sudden, while seated upon the old oak settle, I felt my head swimming—it was a strong wine evidently.

I stammered an adieu and tried to rise, but was unable. My throat seemed contracted, my brain aflame, my breath was short and gasping.

The decrepit old fellow glanced at his companion, and when their eyes met and they smiled, the ghastly truth became in an instant revealed.

The wine was "doctored!"

I tried to speak, but my tongue refused to articulate; I tried to move, but my limbs were paralysed!

"You scoundrels!" I succeeded in gasping in Italian. "You've poisoned me!"

I tried to cry for help, but no sound passed my lips. I grew icy cold as the two men grinned triumphantly in my face, and then my brain became so awhirl that I recollect nothing further—I became insensible.

When I again came to myself, I found the darkness complete. Hat, coat, and vest had gone. Having struggled unsteadily to my feet, I put forth my hands, and in a few moments discovered that I was in a round, well-like place, and that the rough stone wall was damp and slimy. My first thought was that I had been cast into a well, but presently, when I found a big rusted iron ring in the stonework, I knew that I had been placed in the dungeon of one of those circular flanking-towers of the mediæval walls.

There was not a sound; the silence was complete.

It was evident that the crafty old fellow and his associates believed they had done away with me, and, thinking me dead, had hidden my body in that dark prison-chamber! There was fresh air, but where it came from was a complete mystery. As far as I could discover, by groping in the darkness, there was no window. The air seemed to come in from the roof above.

My head was still burning, my eyes were like glowing coals, and my throat so contracted that I could scarcely swallow, nevertheless I remained in patience seated upon a stone, waiting hour after hour, in order to discern some single gleam of light. By the silence, I judged it to be night, and if I escaped, I must do so before the village was astir, for my adventure revealed into what kind of place my incautiousness had led me.

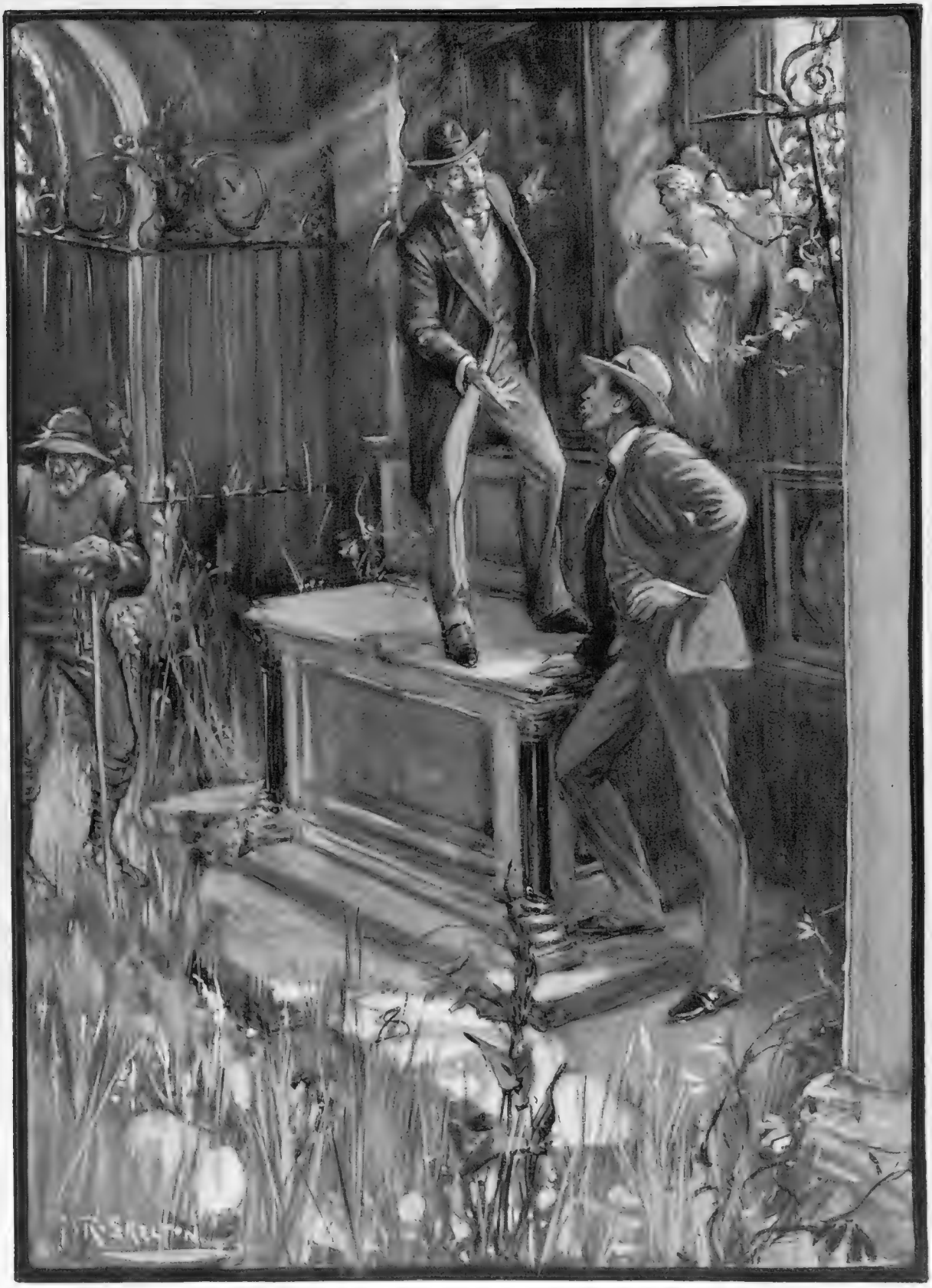
Those long weary hours, as I waited, seemed never-ending. As I sat there, I recalled every single incident and every look of that decrepit old hypocrite and his associates, who, having sold me a genuine Ghirlandajo, seemed, for some unaccountable reason, to desire to take my life. The utter absence of motive puzzled me. I knew the craftiness and cunning of the Tuscan well enough, but in this I could not see why they should deliberately make an attempt to assassinate me secretly when only half a mile away Giuseppe awaited me with the cart. That there was a motive was plain, but at the time I utterly failed to discern it.

At last I thought I detected a faint greyness above me, and, eagerly watching, I saw the pitch darkness gradually become less intense as by slow degrees there showed a tiny streak of violet dawn. Then I realised that I was in a tower, just as I had supposed, and that, there being no door, I had evidently been flung head-foremost in there from a broken aperture in the wall some fifteen feet up from where I stood. That small broken hole, once a window, was the only opening in the round steep walls, and above was an arched stone roof forming the floor of a chamber above. My foot struck something, and I bent to pick it up. It was round and smooth. I dropped it quickly again in horror—for it was a human skull!

To shout for assistance would only bring upon me one of those who had so cleverly conspired to kill me. Therefore I remained in silence, eager to escape ere anyone was astir. I saw a quantity of human bones near me, and two other skulls lay near, hideous relics of previous victims.

Could I scale that wall? That was the question. If only I could reach that broken aperture, I might perhaps escape. It was, I calculated, on a level with the ground in the village, and where I stood was in the foundation of the tower, on a level with the rock of the hillside. Fortunately, the mediæval builders were in the habit of working the stones on the exterior of towers, and leaving them roughly hewn on the interior. This tower was no exception, and that fact gave me courage. It was a perilous feat to attempt, nevertheless my life was at stake.

A dozen times I tried, and, having ascended a few feet, lost my foothold, and was compelled to spring to the ground. I had not entirely recovered, and was still giddy. It was growing lighter, and every moment's delay increased my danger. I was in a



"There is not a shadow of doubt. It is Domenico's masterpiece"

death-trap, to escape from which was imperative. Those skulls at my feet were sufficient to warn me of my fate.

At last, by very slow and careful climbing, marking out my way as I ascended, and raising myself from stone to stone, I eventually succeeded in gaining the broken ledge of the opening, and found that it led into a kind of dark recess, closed by a heavy old door. This, however, did not bar my passage for long, for I succeeded in lifting it from its hinges, when, to my surprise, I found myself within that ruined chapel where the celebrated picture had hung. The chapel itself closed all access to the death-trap!

The door of this place I could not force, but I succeeded in scaling its broken walls, and five minutes later I was speeding down the mule-track a free man, and yet still in peril of my life if I were discovered.

What need have I to describe in detail how, after a whole day's tramp, hatless and coatless, I arrived in Arezzo, where a parish priest whom I knew lent me money—for mine had all been stolen—to buy a coat and to travel back to Florence by train.

On reaching home, I found to my dismay that Giuseppe had not arrived with the picture, and I spent an anxious night wondering what fate had befallen him. But in the morning the faithful fellow arrived, dirty and tired, his left arm hanging in an improvised sling, and a nasty scar across his face, but with the horse, the cart, and the picture. I breathed in relief. My treasure was at least safe.

"Ah, Signor Padrone!" he cried, as I rushed forth to meet him. "Heaven be thanked that you are safe! I feared they had killed you. I have had a terrible time, and if it had not been for this"—and he produced a big army revolver from his belt—"I should now be a dead man."

"What? Tell me," I demanded eagerly.

"As soon as the picture was loaded, a little black-bearded man came down to me with orders from you to start. He said that you were going to drive on to Stia to see another picture, and that I was to get back to the Lastra with as little delay as possible. Thinking that you had sent such orders, I started off back, and travelled on till dusk when, while passing through the ravine under Monte Ceppeto, three men sprang out from the bushes. Madonna mia! Imagine what a fright they gave me! They said they wanted the horse and cart, and that if I gave it to them they would not molest me further. I, of course, refused, whereupon one of them who had a gun, fired at me. I at once drew my revolver and defended myself. I shot one fellow in the stomach and doubled him up, another got a bullet in his face, and the third disappeared again into the bushes."

"But you got hit yourself," I said.

"Yes, in this arm, Signore. It's broken, I think. But that don't matter so much; they did not get the picture!" he declared, laughing. "On the contrary, they got more than they bargained for. They never expected that I was armed, or that I did ten years as a carabineer, and can shoot straight."

The picture was unpacked and placed in a safe place. The local medico was called and dressed Giuseppe's wound, and I, on my part, congratulated myself upon a very narrow escape.

I told Giuseppe of my adventure, whereupon he broke forth into fierce invectives against the whole village of Castellina and without my knowledge, sent down a message to the Carabineers that the Signor Cavaliere wished to see the Lieutenant.

The latter came, a gorgeously dressed person in cocked hat with a high cockade of red and blue and gold epaulettes because it was a *festà*. He took certain notes, drank a glass of wine, looked wise, and remarked that they would at once make inquiries. He did not tell me what I now know, namely, that not a Carabineer dare enter those high, grim walls of Castellina!

A week later, however, he returned, and informed me that Nerozzi and his four associates—evidently in fear of the information that might be given by Giuseppe, who had escaped them—had disappeared. In the meantime I had caused secret inquiry to be made by a peasant, and discovered that the old fellow, who had so cleverly feigned infirmity, had left Castellina on the night of that dastardly attempt upon me, and that his whereabouts were unknown.

I had had a narrow escape, nevertheless I had at least the satisfaction of possessing a fine old work of art which stood in the corner of that room wherein I amused myself by cleaning and restoring such antiques as I purchased from time to time.

I had commenced to clean it, bringing up the beautiful colouring that was so masterly, when a sudden telegram recalled me to London, on business, and it was six months before I returned to my home in Tuscany.

A few days after my arrival home I had occasion to go into Florence, and entering the Gambrinus for luncheon, found my friend Paggi sitting alone, eating his meal. Almost the first remark he uttered when I joined him was:

"So you re-sold your Ghirlandajo! How much did you get for it?"

"Sold it!" I cried. "I certainly have not. It is at home. I only recommenced restoring it yesterday. Why?"

"That's strange," my friend remarked. "We had it offered to us for the national collection by Fenzi, the dealer, of Venice. He brought it to the Pitti, and I saw it."

"But it was not the same work as mine."

"The very same. It bore the secret mark which I placed upon it when we saw it up in the mountains."

"My dear fellow, there must be some mistake!" I exclaimed, puzzled. "Come home with me at once, and let us solve the mystery."

An hour later he was standing in my garden, where we had brought out the dirty old panel into the full light of day, and when he had carefully examined it, rubbing the colouring with his finger, and scrutinising the surface with his magnifying glass, he at last straightened himself up, and, looking me in the face, said:

"My friend, you've been deceived! This is not the same picture we saw at Castellina!"

"Not the same picture!" I gasped, glaring at him.

"No. It is a copy by Melli, of Siena, who makes a speciality of copying Ghirlandajo. He has the secret of a varnish which adds age so well that it defies detection, even by many experts. The mark I placed upon the picture we saw is not upon this."

I stood dumbfounded.

Next moment the amazing truth became revealed. The picture we had seen in the ruined chapel was the genuine one, and the reason of the old scoundrel's absence was in order that the copy should be substituted, and that the mortar by which it was fixed to the wall might be allowed to dry.

By those gruesome remains at the bottom of that round tower, it seemed proved that the genuine picture had been sold and the copy substituted on more than one previous occasion, and that the unfortunate purchaser, who might make a charge of fraud, had met the same fate as they had intended should be mine.

Giuseppe, had he not been armed, would certainly have been shot, his body thrown into the ravine, and the copy of the picture reserved for another victim—a course that had undoubtedly been adopted towards each of those unsuspecting foreigners who had desired to possess themselves of a real art treasure, and had lost their lives as well as their money.

The genuine "Holy Family" has just been purchased by the Italian Government from its real owner, the Marchese Demaria, for thirty-eight thousand francs, and now hangs in the Pitti Gallery, in Florence, while Melli's copy, which cost me so dearly, is still a prominent object in my own drawing-room.

I have, however, at least one satisfaction. Old Nerozzi was cleverly traced by the police, who two months ago went to arrest him at a little wine-shop outside Palermo. He drew a revolver and fired upon the four carabineers, whereupon the brigadier, in self-defence, shot the fellow dead.

IN THE TEMPLES OF TIBET

Idols over twenty feet high in the Temple of the Palkhor Chorde Monastery

The above illustration, and those which follow on the next two pages, are reproductions of three striking photographs supplied by an officer in the Expeditionary Force now engaged among the fastnesses of Tibet. The interest of the subjects lies in their novelty. Tibet has for so long been a land of mystery that news and photographs from that region are eagerly welcomed by the public. In these pages, appeared recently a series of photographs illustrating the actual hostilities in which the once pacific Mission has lately been engaged. The present photographs, taken in the Temples of Tibet, illustrate an equally interesting side of Tibetan life, and one which has its roots in the very foundation of Buddhism. Application has been made to an eminent authority at the British Museum, who supplied the following interesting particulars regarding the two illustrations over-page:

The first photograph (page 284) apparently represents scenes from a Jātaka, or previous incarnation of the Buddha. The larger central figure is doubtless the Bodhissattra, or the Buddha which is to come.

The second (page 285) is probably a figure of the "Healing Buddha" (in Sanskrit, *Bhaishajya-guru*, in Tibetan, *Sman-bla*). He is blue in colour. In his left hand he holds the beggar's bowl filled with food, and with his right hand he touches the earth.

TREASURES FROM THE TEMPLES OF UNKNOWN TIBET:

[*From photographs taken by an officer of the Expeditionary Force in Tibet.*

"Jataka"—the previous Incarnation of the Buddha

The large figure seen in this wonderful allegorical painting represents the Bodhissattra, or the Buddha which is to come

FRESCOES IN THE PALKHOR CHORDE MONASTERY

These treasures had never before been seen by European eyes—see page 283]

"Sman-bla"—the Healing Buddha

In his left hand he holds the beggar's bowl, filled with food, and with his right hand he touches the earth

AMERICAN TOPICS

It should be a real comfort to Englishmen to know that election poetry in the United States is of a brand in no way superior to what is used among themselves. Just now the country is ringing with political lyrics. One of the topics of the moment is the suggested propriety of giving Mr. Roosevelt a third term in the Presidency—which may seem rather previous as a subject for argument, seeing that Mr. Roosevelt is not elected for a second term. At Canton, Illinois, the enthusiasm of the Republican party at this suggestion has been happily expressed by a gentleman who has erected in front of his house a sign bearing the following verse:

Cheers! for our wise, prudent and fearless Theodore,
Let us give him four—Ay!—eight years more;
He stands for social order and equal rights to all, beyond a doubt,
And has sufficient "sand" to turn the rascals out.

HE'S A TRUE AMERICAN!!

At least there is no doubt about the author and exposer of those lines being a true American.

A very momentous political triumph, by the way, was scored by Mr. Roosevelt's friends at the time of his nomination for next President at the Republican National Convention in Chicago the other day. It appears that when, in the old dead days of the Silver question, Mr. Bryan was nominated by the Democrats in a whirlwind of enthusiasm at the same city, the Convention cheered for twenty minutes without resting. Republicans affected not to notice this; but they were biding their time. Now at last they, in their turn, have met in Chicago; and on the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, they cheered for twenty-five minutes.

This feat is all the more remarkable because there was no particular reason for cheering at all. Everybody knew exactly what was going to happen, and Mr. Roosevelt's nomination has been positively certain for many weeks. But a certain standard of frenzy is necessary on occasions of this kind, and it seems to have been easily reached at Chicago.

The bestowal of a degree on Sir Frederick Treves by the University of Pennsylvania, with the full consent and personal connivance of Sir Frederick, may serve to show the ignorant Briton that an American academic honour is not always a thing to be fled from like the pest, as might be gathered from the frequency with which we hear of English Nonconformist divines refusing to accept such distinctions. There are Universities and Universities in America. Also there are Presidents and Presidents. The retiring President of the Illinois University has been giving the following advice to the young men of the graduating class:

A great many are pressing for the summits. You need not expect that they will stand aside because you have come. They are going to crowd you, and you will have to crowd them. They will not make way for you before you show the clear right to the leadership which is your own. They will leave you behind unless you leave them behind.

Such is the sum and substance of the higher education, according to Dr. Sloan Draper. His doctrine was thoroughly well understood in America long ago—when the wild beasts and the savages had it all to themselves.

Photo by] **Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, LL.D., Secretary of the United States Treasury** [*Guillumette, N.Y.*

Mr. Shaw gained political prominence as a Republican speaker in the McKinley campaign of 1896, and since, has been twice elected Governor of Iowa, one of the most prosperous of the Western States. Mr. Shaw, in his official capacity, recently signed one of the largest cheques ever drawn by the U.S. Treasury—£2,000,000—for the Panama Canal Concession

TERRIERS: THE NATIONAL CLUB'S SHOW AT RANELAGH

Skye Terriers

Lady Alexander showing "Young Walter Scott," Champion Dog, and "Ballochmyle Chance," Champion Bitch, in the prick-eared class of Skye Terriers

Wire-haired Fox Terriers

The Duchess of Newcastle judging Mr. F. Redmond's "Dusky Cackler," which won the Championship

Photos by] **Jealousy in the Ring** [*Baker and Dixon*

Mr. A. E. Hill's "Huntsman's Game Cock" and Mr. G. H. Jones's "Streatham Tartar" resent each other's presence. The Duchess of Newcastle is an amused spectator

BY LOCK AND WEIR.

Henley Houseboats

The sleepy old town of Henley, which wakes up for a few weeks at this season of the year in order to extend a welcome to the crowds of visitors who are attending the Royal Regatta, is looking at its brightest and best just now. Foremost among the long lines of houseboats is Mr. Campbell Thompson's *Rouge et Noir*, lying with her tender, *Roulette*, at her old moorings, and very smartly decorated with mirrors framed with white lifebelts, brass-topped newel posts and fittings, and a happy combination of red and white flowers and red and black hangings. Next, perhaps, in importance comes Mr. Morant's *Kelpie III.*, which has been moved somewhat closer to Marsh Lock this year. The owner leaves his charming house in Henley during the summer months for this commodious river home, and is often seen out with a large party on his steam launch, the *Cormorant*. We miss Mr. Arthur Collins's *Venice*, but her old pitch is now occupied by another Drury Lane favourite, Mr. Harry Nichols, who is stopping with his family on the *Minnehaha*. Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe are on the *Miranda*, and Mr. Lewis is occupying *Kelpie II.*, while others which help to make up the little colony are Mr. Francis's *Eileen*, the *Folly*, *Water Lily*, *Empress* (a newcomer), and the *Piplet*, cleverly adapted from a canal barge of the regulation pattern.

The Course

The course, from the starting-point, at Temple Island, to the winning-post, just below Hobbs's Boathouses, is staked out with white piles and booms, the tents for the competitors and their boats are up, and the stage from which the crews embark is also completed. A curious mistake was made this year with regard to this stage: the piles were not driven low enough by some six inches, and in consequence, when it was finished, it was found that the outriggers of the boats prevented them from being drawn close to the side, and so the whole of the work had to be done over again. Just below the

At Classic Henley: The Crush of Boats opposite the Grand Stand

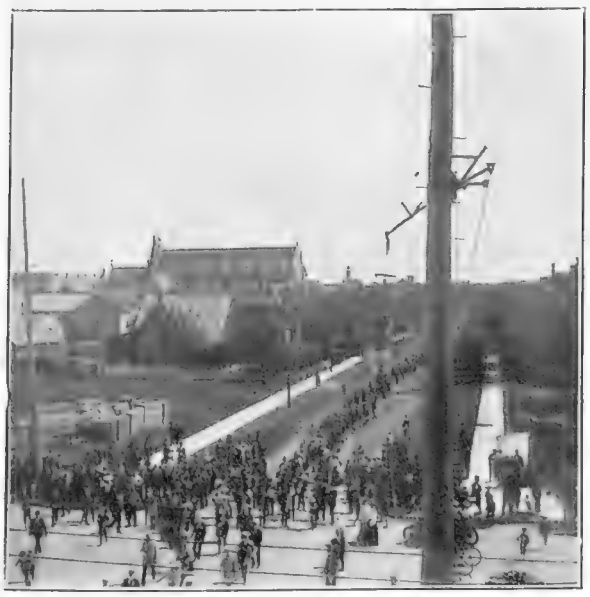
River lovers will appreciate this photograph, for no other river in the world offers such a sight as is presented by the Thames during the Royal Regatta

winning-post, on the Berks shore, is situated the permanent headquarters of the Leander Club, a commodious and handsome building, noted, amongst other things, for its magnificent flagstaff. Here may be found just now the Club eight, some members of the University crews, as well as several old Blues, comfortably installed for the Regatta, in close proximity to the course. Next to it nestles Mr. Valentine Dix's little house, The Nook, looking as gay as any houseboat, with its profusion of flower beds and grassy slopes. On the opposite bank, below the famous Red Lion and the boat-houses, come the two picturesque riverside residences of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Foy, and then we come to Phyllis Court, once again secured by the Stewards for the enclosure, while beyond are the various club lawns.

The "Dora": Winner of the Sweepstake at the Bourne End Regatta

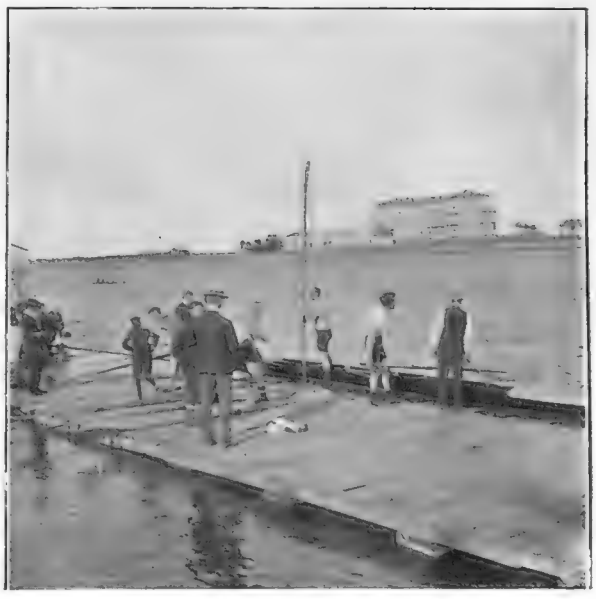
The Entries and Crews

The entries are larger than has been anticipated, the total for the eight events being forty-four. For the Grand Challenge Cup, Leander, London, Thames, and New College, Oxford, are competing, but the race is practically a certainty for the first-named club. It is many years since they have had such a strong combination, and, on their present form, the eight, which is composed of W. H. Chapman, B. C. Johnston, A. K. Graham, F. S. Kelly, P. H. Thomas, F. J. Escombe, C. W. H. Taylor, and R. H. Nelson (stroke), with G. S. Maclagan, perhaps the best cox Oxford has ever produced, to steer them, should obtain an easy victory. New College are at Mr. W. F. D. Smith's place, Greenlands, and have been out every day, but their form is very inferior to that of Leander. The Ladies' Plate, always a popular event with visitors, and for which there are five entries, should go the Eton crew, made up of: G. Cochrane, G. Campbell, A. Kirby, D.P. Wormald, L. E. Jones, L. R. A. Gatehouse, E. W. Powell, H. C. Bucknall (stroke), and J. Preston (cox). There are eight entries for the Thames Cup, and seven for the Wyfold; while for the Goblets, H. T. Blackstaffe and J. Beresford would be a popular win, although we fancy the Third Trinity combination, C. J. D. Goldie and C. W. H. Taylor, is likely to prove a dangerous opponent. The largest number of competitors is for the Diamond Sculls (ten), and in this event, as in the Grand, victory seems certain for the present holder, F. S. Kelly, of Balliol; but there are not a few who favour the chances of the Toronto man, Lew Scholes, who was over here for the 1902 Regatta, and was then beaten by Titus. Of the rest, Guy Rixon, who has been trained by Bill East; St. George Ashe, trained by Tom Green, of Barnes; and Viscount Mahon, who did so well at Walton recently, are probably the pick.



The Winnipeg Crew leaving for England

Great excitement prevailed in Winnipeg on this occasion, and the Canadian four were escorted to the station by a brass band and an admiring crowd of fellow-citizens



The Winnipeg Crew at Home

This photograph was taken at the rowing club house float, on Red River, Winnipeg, Manitoba. The present crew hold the rowing record on this river

The Winnipeg Crew

The four-oared crew, representing the Winnipeg Rowing Club in the race for the Stewards' Cup at Henley, is the second crew sent from the Manitoba capital. In 1897 a four came over, and although it made a creditable showing, failed to return with the coveted trophy. The present crew is considered the fastest ever turned out in Canada. On the Rat Portage course they hold the record, and great hopes are entertained among Canadian oarsmen that their representatives at classic Henley will, this year, take home the Cup, and this, too, after having been handicapped in training to such an extent that few of their clubmates dreamed that they would be capable of trimming the record. Two of the present quartette rowed in the Argonaut eight, in the Grand Challenge Race, in 1902.

The "Bystander" Bowl

This beautiful solid silver bowl, of a fluted design, is to be awarded to the owner of the houseboat which, during Henley week, in the eyes of the judges, shall appear to be the best decorated. The cup will become the absolute property of the winner, and its value is £10 10s. About the time these lines appear, our judges will be careering over the course on one of their several journeys of inspection

The "Bystander" Cup

In spite of reports that the bad weather we have experienced during the last two seasons is responsible for a flagging interest in matters connected with the river, the applications from the owners of houseboats for positions on the course were as numerous as ever, and a great deal of discussion and friendly rivalry have taken place amongst the ladies acting as hostesses on board the different boats during the Regatta, in regard to the handsome silver bowl we are offering for the best decorated. It is our hope that THE BYSTANDER competition has helped to make even brighter the gay and happy scene which—partly, perhaps, on account of its being so essentially English both in its character and surroundings—we have learnt to love so well.

R. B. B.

The Sailing Regatta at Bourne End

The *Scamp*, one of the craft taking part in the Regatta, met with an unfortunate accident, and was capsized

I met her; loved her; but I did not propose to her. This is why. We met at Henley, a week before the Regatta, when the river is not too crowded and the weather is so often perfect. It always breaks when it is wanted. But for courting purposes, give me a week on the Thames before the weather is wanted. She was staying at that smart little hotel at Marlow —I forget the name—and wore white frocks in the divinest fashion. I love a well-dressed woman and as a rule, my lady friends do not dress well. I am City, and so are their husbands and, roughly speaking, they share our taste for speculation. Nothing else explains their variegated appearance. To return. She was punting when I first saw her. Nobody knows how pretty a woman can look till you see a pretty woman punting. I think it is that long lovely line from the shoulder to the hip; and the green rushes behind her; and perhaps the dazzle of sun helps. It certainly brought out her hair. The French have a name for it—something *cendré*. She was talking to a man who was not listening, but just looking and looking as if he couldn't look enough. He was a good-looking fellow—regular Army cut—and obviously tremendously "gone." When I found out she was staying at the same hotel as I was, with her mother, and that she wore no ring on the third finger of her left hand, I endeavoured to effect an introduction. It was very difficult; the soldier guarded her as jealously as if she had been an important outpost, and the mother was very select and was careful not to make casual acquaintances at hotels. So she said twice at dinner the evening after I had seen her daughter punting. The observation was apparently called forth by my having passed the mustard once too often as a legitimate means of making her acquaintance. She also said that she disliked City men, with an air of sending the observation to my address. How she found out I was City passes my comprehension. I don't wear rings, and my socks and ties, if not sombre, are not unduly festive. Of course she may have noticed me in the afternoon, and I must confess that I do not look my best in flannels. I am not exactly fat, but I put on weight easily. The few time-honoured observations I hazarded regarding

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the weather were received with frigid acquiescence. The soldier simply looked at me as if I was not there, the most obtrusive way of recognising a man's existence I know. The only person who showed the slightest sign of recognising my presence was my divinity, who had changed her white serge for transparent black, and managed to lose nothing by the exchange, which is saying a good deal. She smiled at me once, and asked me to pass her the menu: it was something. I followed it up in the hall by picking up her handkerchief, and was rewarded by another smile, and a supplementary glare from the soldier. After that things moved fairly quickly and I discovered that my divinity, whose name was Rosamund, far from belonging to the black-velvet, white-marble type, was quite approachable. At breakfast she started a conversation which she engineered so successfully that the soldier had to join in without leaving me out. He looked very tired at the end; but he realised the obligation. Mrs. Greye was less amenable; she consistently regarded me as if I was part of the furniture, which I found discouraging. But, later, I discovered that she was by way of being something of an invalid, and that, assuming a sympathetic attitude while she related symptoms, gained me favour.

. . . . .

A week from the date I met Miss Greye I was sitting in the punt, just as I had seen the soldier sitting and she was punting and I was—looking. She insisted on punting. She said she wanted exercise. Pretty women so often do when they get a chance of punting. Then I tried to tell her that I loved her, but was promptly stopped at the first suggestion of such a thing. She was not final but she managed to elude me, "You will play bridge with us this evening; I have a friend coming down from London—such a pretty girl," she said, just when I had made a decent start. Of course I accepted; although if there is anything in this world I hate more than another it is playing cards with women. They generally cheat and they always fight. But of course I accepted. So did the soldier. When the pretty girl arrived—she was not pretty. I had arrived at that conclusion before I saw the lady. Miss Rosamund Greye, if divine, was extremely feminine in the full sense of that illuminating word and no woman calls another pretty unless she is comfortably aware that she is not. The soldier turned very restive at the close of the first rubber. His temper for the last few days had shown distinct signs of wear and tear, and was not improved by his inability to cut Miss Greye as a partner. A tremendous scowl at Miss Lister (the so-called pretty girl) was intercepted by Rosamund, who promptly commented on it with disastrous result, "I am afraid Captain Trevor is bored," she said gently. "He does not appear to think much of our bridge." "I was not aware that we were playing it," retorted that gentleman with considerable acerbity. Here Miss Lister flung away an ace instead of a two, and explained the performance by observing that it was the mere difference of a pip—an explanation received in stony silence. "One mustn't be too particular when one plays with ladies," I remarked. The observation struck me as diplomatic, but was ill received. "Women play just as well as men," retorted Rosamund with some heat.

"Bridge was invented by a lady of high degree, in order that the equality of the sexes might be finally proved beyond dispute," put in Trevor with a sneer.

"Wisdom while you wait," I said in a great hurry. I dislike people annexing clever things as their own to which they have no claim. He didn't deign to answer, but rewarded me with a murderous glance. I was very pleased. In that glance I read recognition of a rival.

"Did you see that an 'Encyclopædia Brittannica' was among things forgotten in different trains and advertised by the South-Western Company?" asked Miss Lister, who had a passion for futile inquiry.

"Someone lost an elephant in France the other day," growled Trevor. "My dear Miss Lister, bridge is *not* a game of grab."

Miss Lister looked fixed bayonets at this, and the agreeable rubber proceeded to its end. At last she went to bed in a huff, and Trevor and I proceeded to endeavour to monopolise severally Miss Greye. She smiled at him; she smiled at me. Never have I known a more impartial distribution of favours.

She maintained the same attitude for another four-and-twenty hours, and then relaxed considerably in my favour.

It was such an evening as the poets write about (at least I have been told so). I do not read poetry myself. I wished I had on this particular evening—I wanted something quotable.

The river went lap-lap among the rushes, and the sky was all pink and rosy. If I had ordered the evening I could not have had one provided more to my mind. Rosamund wore white—all soft and fluffy—and was in a pensive mood. She sat at the end of the lawn in a cane chair, with a pyramid of becoming cushions arranged behind her adorable head. She had curly hair, quite guiltless of what the "Queen" calls transformations, and it showed up well against the cushions. She was reading "Hand and Hand," by Mother and Daughter, and promptly quoted "The Woman's Share."

> Women love a life-time; that's not the way with men,
> 'Tis I'll be old and ugly, an' will he love me then?

It was a glorious opening, and I seized it. "Try me," I said.

"Oh!" she answered—and there was a distinct fall in the temperature of her manner. "Then you think I shall be ugly in the days to come."

"You!" I exclaimed. "Never—nor grow old."

"Thanks," she retorted. "I feel very well at the present moment."

Then she got up and strolled down to the river. I followed her.

"Miss Greye . . . Rosamund . . ." I began, and then, at that moment, with the usual ugly fatality of things, the soldier appeared.

He glared at me; I glared at him, and Rosamund smiled at us both. That night, after dinner, the soldier approached me and expressed the idea uppermost in both our minds.

"The position," he began, "is somewhat awkward. We are both in love with the same lady."

I was electrified by his condescension. Only yesterday he had answered my good-morning with an irate grunt.

"The position has its difficulties," I managed to say.

Then he proceeded to explain. "You cannot propose to her because of me; I cannot propose to her because you are always in the way. We are bound to interfere with each other. Let us arrange matters."

Then he offered me a cigarette. His programme had at least the minor merit of simplicity. We were to toss up as to who should have first innings. The one who lost was to leave the field clear for his adversary. If the first man was accepted, the second was to retire. If the first man was rejected, he was to retire. When I got my breath back I assented. We then tossed up, and I won.

"Well, I can't wish you luck," he said, pocketing the half-crown with which he had solved the question, "but nothing could be fairer," and off he walked.

Now that I was committed I was conscious of a distinct feeling of nervousness. How was I to put it? What was I to say? I have always held that a great deal depended on the way in which you approached a woman. At last I resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment and walked back to the grounds of the hotel, as Rosamund often came out after dinner. As I approached the house I detected the glimmer of a white dress in her favourite seat—and to my consternation a man seated beside her in what I can only describe as a lover-like attitude. My first thought was that he illustrated the soldier's perfidy; but as I drew nearer, I saw that he was a stranger. And before I could turn away, the situation was further emphasised by a kiss (I am thankful to say that I was unobserved). I hurried away, and as I turned I cannoned into the soldier. My appearance obviously suggested defeat and disaster, for his face lit up with delight.

"Got the knock?" he inquired with alacrity. It was a mean thing to do, but the temptation was irresistible.

"Yes," I answered and nothing more. Off he went to try his luck. It was the one redeeming point of the situation.

We both left next day, stimulated by the sight of a ring flashing on the third finger of Miss Greye's left hand. And that is why I never proposed.

F. Stewart.

Modern Mermaids

With smiles that won't come off in the wash—of the "silver sea"

THE COSMOPOLITANISM OF THE SALVATION ARMY

A French Canadian and a full-blooded Alaskan Indian in their uniforms

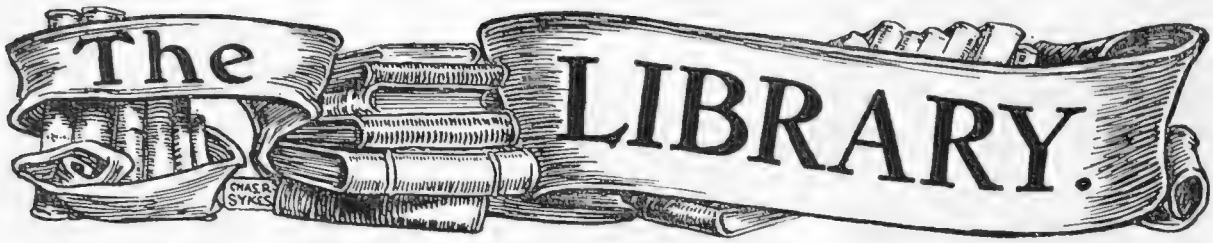
The Salvation Army's great International Congress, now being held, is one of the greatest things of its kind ever attempted by this wonderful religious and social institution. Representatives from every country in which the "Army" has an outpost are present, and the Strand, which is daily thronged with delegates from all parts of the earth, in native costumes, presents a striking and animated appearance

The Japanese Contingent

The gentleman on the extreme left of the picture is the Editor of the Japanese *War Cry*. The Europeans seen in Japanese costume are the "Army's" representatives in Dai Nippon

Representatives from among the Red Men of the far North-West

Clad in native costume and headdress, and wearing ornamental moccasins, the North-west Canada contingent is one of the most picturesque attending the great Congress. Besides the meetings held at the Special International Hall erected in the Strand, the Albert Hall, Exeter Hall, and the Crystal Palace have been brought into service for the holding of enthusiastic demonstrations



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Maria Edgeworth." By the Hon. Emily Lawless. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan: 2*s.* net.)

"Muhammed, His Life and Doctrines, with Accounts of his Immediate Successors." By Arthur Wollaston, C.I.E. A new edition of a useful little book on the Prophet of Islam and the religion he founded. (Murray: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Alps." By Sir Martin Conway. Illustrated in Colour by Mr. A. D. McCormick. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Accused and Accuser." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Sixty Jane." By J. Luther Long. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Sir Christopher." By Maud Wilder Goodwin. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

The Raging of the Heathen

"Society in the New Reign." By a Foreign Resident. (London: 1904. Fisher Unwin.)

Once again a benevolent foreign resident has given us a chance to reform by pointing out our many shortcomings. Doubtless he affects anonymity through modesty, to avoid the embarrassing thanks of the various celebrities and notorieties whose personal characteristics form the main subject of the book. The author was encouraged by the success of his former book, "Society in London," published in 1886, to sum up the Society of to-day, which he finds has undergone a considerable transformation in the twentieth century. Of the latter, he says, "Provincialism in Society, reaction in Church and State, are, so far, stamped on every page of its chronicle." The Court

Has become a showy centre of international gossip, an emporium of those attenuated personalities which form the conversational small change current throughout the second-class drawing-rooms of Europe. The topics may often have been brought from a greater distance during the present reign than was the case in the last. The tone is always that of the decayed dowager who writes, sub rosa, for the Society press.

Finally Society is only held together by the Transatlantic dollar and the Semitic shekel. "Failing the dowries of Israel and the plums of the United States, the British peerage would go to pieces to-morrow."

These are the three main texts around which the author writes his sermon, and there is a great deal of truth in them; he hits off with great accuracy many of the foibles of "Society," and his generalised strictures are not entirely without justification; but it is his method of illustration which is so charming; he is not troubled with any silly, old-fashioned scruples about politeness, and the prehistoric fallacy about the odious nature of personalities exists not for him. He takes the most prominent figures of the social world *privatim et seriatim*, gives them a pat on the head and then stamps upon them with a hobnailed boot. Sometimes he varies the treatment by employing the boot first.

But the result is rather peculiar; it is as if the author had set out in a fit of peevishness to annihilate the leaders of English Society, but when he gets down to his work he cannot, for the life of him, find any great and serious faults to abuse, and the intended curse often becomes a veiled blessing. Take, for instance, the following, of a certain earl:

He was probably never troubled with an idea in his life. He is almost as incapable as was the late Blundell Maple of reading a book for half an hour continuously, or, except in the interests of a particularly choice cigar, of sitting still for five minutes. But, living in the open air, never reading, never thinking, having forgotten all they put into him at Eton of any language but his own, he is not a bad specimen of the soldier sportsman, and would go straight for anything which lay in the line of duty.

A better illustration of the delicate nature of his humour, and also of his literary style, is a sentence in connection with Mr. Chamberlain:

The Joseph who had been born at Camberwell, who had made his money by cornering "screws" at Birmingham, much as his scriptural namesake, Pharaoh's premier, "cornered" corn in Egypt, was found to be a cadet of an ancient house on the Anglo-Welsh frontier, was next taken up by the ever-green she-recruiting sergeant for the Conservatives, Lady Dorothy Nevill, who, long before Liberal Unionism could be even a dream, confidently predicted his eventually complete reclamation from the error of his early ways, and his final reception, together with other converts, into the true Tory fold.

As a matter of fact, the most frequently recurring charge against the various personages with whom he deals is that of superciliousness; for instance, two well-known Society figures are

the well-born, well-bred, brutally supercilious condensations, epitomes, and amalgams of the qualities that have made the English the most unpopular of races, the British soldier the most fearless, and the English officer the most gallant and the most incapable in the world. With these and one or two others after the same pattern before one, one understands how it is that, to the superficial observer, the English aristocracy generally seem clothed in the oak and triple brass of prejudice and exclusiveness.

Now, there is a man who sells papers in Hanover, whose knowledge of English, after six years' residence in this country, is confined to the pregnant phrase, "damfool." If these were the only words he heard

during that time, they she an interesting light both on his personal character and on the unanimity of his hosts concerning it. Which is a parable. It is when he is dealing with the third of the "texts" given above that the author really hits the mark:

In London, a generation ago, dinners were given and receptions were held that the guests might meet a statesman, who at one end of the table, or on a couch in the drawing-room, held a little *levée* of his own. To-day the lights burn low; the band plays in a respectful key "The Conquering Hero." Enter, with a strange flower blazing in his button-hole, and an elderly parasite at his heels, THE BOSS.

He has much to say, too, on the "purchase" of titled husbands by America's fair daughters; but he almost commits himself to a prediction that *La belle Americaine* will ultimately be ousted from her proud position as the Venus Victrix of London Society, by the more natural and vivacious maiden from Australia, who has yet to acquire any tinge of cosmopolitan affectation, or of the boredom, proper to smartness, and ready to assert itself with the slightest provocation, or with none at all.

The volume is, of course, interesting, all observations made by foreigners on our unworthy selves are; its chief fault as a book is the occasional, involved nature of the style and a perpetual straining after effect. Names and titles are flung at the head of the reader in such profusion that he would do well to keep the *Almanac de Gotha* within arm's reach; in fact, the author is about right when he talks of the "confusion of ideas and the perplexity of persons depicted in the preceding pages."

But of course it will be read; by those out of Society, for the same reason that they read the "Court and Personal" column in the newspapers, and by Society itself, because it will want to see the nasty things said about its best friends.

One sentence, occurring in the first few pages, apart from all else, shows a deplorable lack of judgment, considering that the book is written for the British reader. "Had painstaking application gone together with his opportunities, King Edward *might* have been among the first men of his day." The word italicised—the italics are our own—contain an impertinence which shrieks for the paternal knee and slipper. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

Two interesting novels are to be published by Messrs. Methuen to-morrow, one of them being the posthumous romance by Stephen Crane, entitled "The O'Ruddy," which Mr. Robert Barr has finished. The scene of the story is laid mainly in Bristol and London, but finally the O'Ruddy captures Breda Castle, in Sussex—the ancient manor house in which Stephen Crane spent his last days, and in which his part of the novel was written. The O'Ruddy himself, after capturing the place, is not only victorious, but wins Lady Mary as well as Breda Castle. The second novel, due to-morrow, "The Herons' Tower," by Emily Gerard, is another tale of an ancient building, but this time it is a gloomy, deserted place, and connected with crime. The web of mystery hovering round it appears to be tangled enough to satisfy the most hardened lover of sensational fiction.

In striking contrast to these romances is a sumptuous history of Ham House and its art treasures, at Petersham, the seat of the Earl of Dysart, on the banks of the Thames near Richmond. This is a new work by Mrs. Charles Roundell, author of "Cowdray, the History of a great English House," and will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Bell, with supplementary chapters on "The Library," by Mr. W. Younger Fletcher, and on "The Miniature Room," by Dr. George C. Williamson. The library contains some rare treasures—including no fewer than twelve Caxtons—and no book has been added to it since the time when Voltaire sent an early copy of the "Henriade" to the then Countess of Dysart. The miniature room is also remarkable in its way, containing some of the finest works of Hoskins, Cooper, and others, many of which have never left it since they were sent home. They still hang upon their tiny hooks in this little room, "fastened to the faded silk tapestry of the walls by the fair hands of the ladies living in the house."

Ham House itself remains in a wonderful state of preservation. The paintings and furniture are still to be found in the positions which they occupied two hundred and fifty years ago, as the existing inventory of that date shows. The history takes us back as far as 1610, when the house was built as a Royal residence for Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. Thirty-three years later Charles I. handed it over to his boyhood's favourite, William Murray, afterwards Earl of Dysart; but its most eventful period was when the earl's eldest daughter married, as her second husband, the unscrupulous Duke of Lauderdale. It was then that the Duke and his friends, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, and Ashley, who together formed the Cabal Government after the fall of Clarendon, held their secret meetings at Ham, and the room in which these meetings were held remains to this day exactly as they left it.

Mrs. Craigie has no fewer than three new novels in hand for Mr Fisher Unwin, who published her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," in 1891. Only one of these, however, is expected this year—an historical novel, entitled "The Princess of Benevento," somewhat on the lines of Mrs. Cragie's "School for Saints." It is a story of Paris and Calcutta during the later eighteenth century.

"Copyright Cases and Decisions," which Messrs. Putnam will shortly publish, should be a useful book for authors, editors, and publishers, especially with regard to our literary relations with America. The volume is being issued for the American Publishers Copyright League, and contains a summary of the leading American decisions on the Law of Copyright, and on literary property, from 1891 to 1903, together with a selection of recent copyright decisions of Great Britain and Canada.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"The Best Hundred Books"

Of all the misguided literary undertakings that I know, there is surely none so hopeless as Lord Avebury's valiant effort to define the best hundred books. One had thought this fad of his lordship's earlier days had been forgotten, but here he comes again with a "revised list," as futile as the first. I pity the hapless wretch who buys these hundred books (exceeding that number by far, as all Scott's novels are reckoned one book), and sits down to the appalling task of reading them. If ever I found a friend who had purchased the set of them—for the incredible fact is true that the whole incompatible hundred were once issued in a uniform binding—I should cease to respect any literary opinion he ever uttered. If there exists any human being who has deliberately read through Lord Avebury's list, I doubt if his mind will be better furnished than that of the giddy woman who devours the latest fiction at the libraries. A man must grow into his reading as naturally as he grows into his other habits of life; he must follow the tendencies of his own temperament if he is to derive any real advantage from what he studies, and not otherwise; assuredly not by attempting to digest so strangely mixed a meal as Lord Avebury would provide.

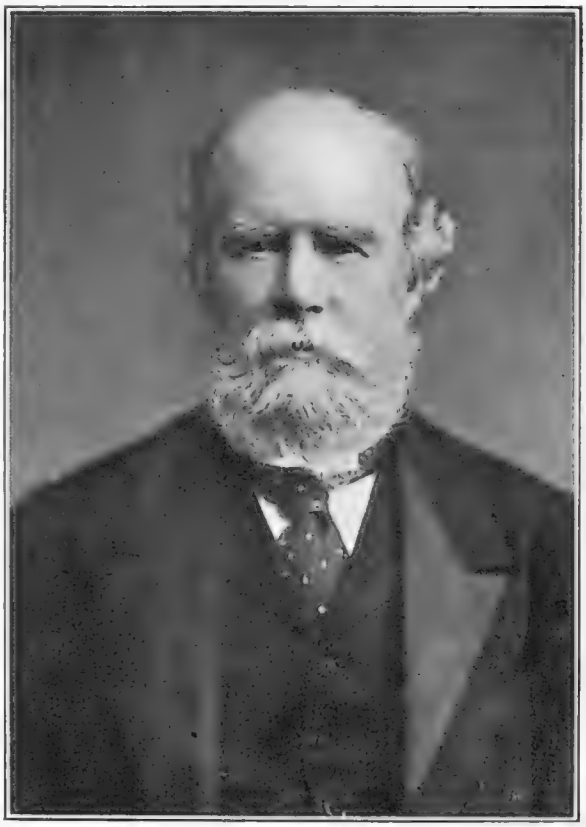


Photo by *Bassano*

Lord Avebury

Whose amended list of the Best Hundred Books has again given rise to much controversy

"Beautiful Book"-makers

Of course it ought to be "Makers of Beautiful Books;" but let the heading pass, for at least one of the makers has good claim to the adjective, and, if Mr. Mortimer Menpes may not be so described, he is, at any rate, 'a fine figure of a man." Quite a new era of publishing was inaugurated when, three years ago, he issued "War Impressions" and "Japan," two noble collections of his coloured drawings, with descriptive letterpress by his talented young daughter, Dorothy. Since then, the booksellers have suffered a veritable deluge of highly priced and sumptuously produced volumes, in which the literary matter plays second fiddle to the illustrations. While I am in some doubt as to whether book men should view the popularity of these art volumes with favour, there can be no question as to the merits of those bearing the names of Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes. Here we have an artist whose sensuous feeling for colour enables him to reproduce things seen, in a manner so vivid, yet at once real and ideal, that the face of nature, usually grey enough to the ordinary eye, is made to glow and thrill with a warmth of colour which only the artist eye can discern and register. And, by a most fortunate provision of fate, the artist's daughter, whose enviable part it has been to wander the world with her father, has discovered a quite unusual faculty for describing in words the scenes and objects which Mr. Menpes has portrayed with his brush. Their latest joint production is a book on Venice, and it is enough to say that it is worthy of its subject, as Miss Menpes has written of that perplexing town with singular freshness, and true insight into the mysteries of its being. It is just possible that we might never have heard of her as an author had not her father, in a happy moment, been inspired with the scheme of his extremely successful works; for descriptive writing on its own merits is sadly neglected in these days; but Miss Menpes has given evidence of a style so vivacious and a personality so unconventional and altogether charming, that we may reasonably expect her to make her mark when she essays a book wherein—even if it be illustrated—the text will be elevated to the position which true book-lovers would have it always occupy. Miss Menpes is one of the youngest authors whose names are familiar at this moment, and if she has turned twenty (which I am free to doubt), she can only be a little way beyond that ripe age. She is the second daughter of Mr. Menpes, and first

began writing on the staff of *M.A.P.* a few years ago.

Literary Puzzles

I observe that a literary monthly has just found out the sensational fact that certain novels written by "Weatherby Chesney" are the work of a well-known novelist. Evidently I was wrong in supposing that all bookish people knew, three or four years ago, this was the *nom de plume* of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. The journal which makes the belated discovery suggests the following competition: "Discover who is Weatherby Chesney by comparing the books so signed with others bearing his real name. The hunt might become exciting." Yes, the possibilities are alluring, as when Dr. Nicoll propounded the famous question, "Who was Lydia White?" In these days of frank personalities, it is almost impossible to maintain the secrecy of a pseudonym. But, indeed, do those who adopt pen-names wish to disown the work to which they attach them? Not always, I fancy. The futility of the expedient is well illustrated at present by a little book, by one "Hugh Foulis," who was announced, in countless preliminary paragraphs, as Mr. Neil Munro. There are still people who cannot believe that "David Lyall" is none other than Annie S. Swan; but, broadly speaking, "Junius" is about the only example of a *nom de plume* remaining a mystery: some thirty people had the credit of writing the famous letters over that signature.

Photo by Gunn and Co.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell

Son of Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), the famous novelist. Mr. Maxwell is the author of "The Ragged Messenger"

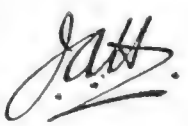
The Author of "The Ragged Messenger"

It is a genuine pleasure to the reviewer of books to draw attention to a work of unusual merit, and those critics who have been praising a novel entitled "The Ragged Messenger," which seems in a fair way to achieve a notable success, are in this agreeable position. I am by no means prepared to say that the book is great, but it certainly reaches well towards greatness, and both in conception and in workmanship bears evidence of a power that should carry its author, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, far in the field of fiction. It is charged with shrewd and accurate knowledge of character, and is instinct with the true element of drama. Since it is no part of my business in these pages to attempt any regular review of a book, I must content myself with a very hearty commendation of "The Ragged Messenger"; but it is interesting to note whence this young and promising novelist derives his talent. He is the second son of Mrs. Maxwell, better known as Miss M. E. Braddon, and lives with his mother at Richmond. He has done a good deal of journalism, and I believe that it was as a contributor to the *World* that his work first attracted the attention of his present publisher (Mr. Grant Richards), who, with his usual enterprise, lost no time in arranging for the publication of any books the young author might care to write. I am familiar with only one other work from the same pen: a collection of short stories and sketches, issued last autumn, under the title of "Fabulous Fancies," which I remember as containing some of the freshest and most virile examples of the short story I had read for some time. I observe that Mr. Maxwell has another novel to his credit, "The Countess of Maybury," but it does not seem to have come my way.

The Wolf in Fiction

The wolf is certainly a picturesque figure in the imagination, though uncommonly like an unclassed dog, in fact, and he has a splendid name for effecting a thrill. Hence he has long been popular with our story-tellers; but I am more than ordinarily interested in a book with a striking cover, and the title, "Wolves," which came to my hands a short time ago. It was a capital idea of Mr. Robert H. Sherard's to re-tell for English readers M. Elie Berthet's famous tale, "The Wild Beast of Gévaudan." Last summer, just about this time, I happened to be wayfaring in the country of this celebrated beast in the South of France, and found that his name was still used as a menace, though there are no more wolves in Gévaudan, and sober peasants are inclined to doubt if this one ever existed. "The Napoleon Bonaparte of wolves," R. L. Stevenson calls him:

> What a career was his! He lived ten months at free quarters in Gévaudan and Vivarais; he ate women and children and "shepherdesses celebrated for their beauty;" he pursued armed horsemen, he has been seen at broad noonday chasing a post-chaise and outrider along the king's high road. He was placarded like a political offender, and ten thousand francs were offered for his head. And yet, when he was shot and sent to Versailles, behold! a common wolf, and even small for that.



Bridge. By "Problematicus"

OUR NINTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

THE LAST COMPETITION TILL THE AUTUMN

No Long Drawn-out Scheme—One Hand Only.

The Bystander offers its readers three prizes for the best solutions of the play, at Double Dummy, of the hands set out on this page. This is the last competition we shall hold until a further announcement is made shortly. The prizes are as follow:

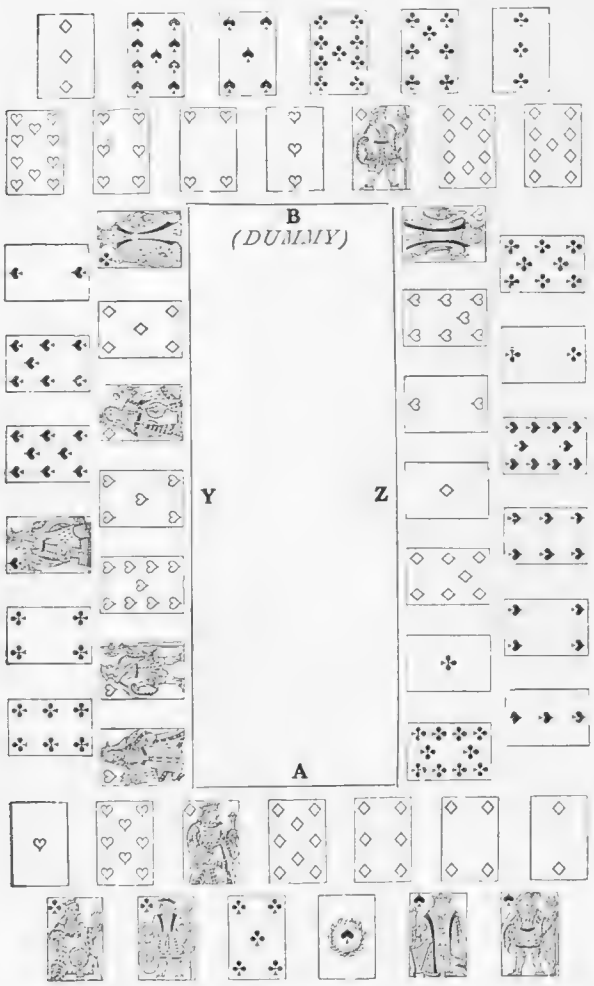
1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

Further Prizes of two packs of the pretty Bystander playing cards, in box, will be awarded to those of the competitors whose solutions come nearest in excellence to the three best.

All solutions must reach the offices of The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, E.C., not later than the first post on Friday, July 15.

THE HAND.

Double Dummy.



A Deals.

Y plays before the hands are exposed.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"Bystander" Fortnightly Bridge Competition

The Bridge Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played at Double Dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♠ J	♠ K	♢ 2	♠ 3
2	♡ A	♡ K	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♠ 10	♠ A	♠ 5	♠ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underl ning the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

A correspondent asks me two questions:

(1) A and B are partners and X and Y. No trumps declaration. A revokes. A and B get two tricks over. Can X and Y (who are love in the game) score 36, the value of three tricks, and so get game?

Answer. By the English code, X Y can add the value of the three tricks (36) to their score, and make game. By the American code, they can only deduct three tricks from their opponents' score and add it to their own.

(2) X leads the winning club, the 9. A plays a spade to the trick. Before gathering up the trick, X leads out the 8 of clubs, and at once A produces the 4 of clubs and says that he wants to play it to the preceding trick. But X claims a revoke. Does the fact of his having led for the next trick establish the revoke?

Answer The revoke is not established. X is irregular in leading before gathering up, turning, and quitting the previous trick, and A can substitute the 4 of clubs for the spade he played to it.

LAWN TENNIS:

Impressions of present form at Wimbledon compared with the past

A Memorable Meeting

The Championships of 1904 will be memorable if only for the comparison we are able to make between the players of to-day and those of past years. We have had the opportunity of judging how the Baddeley Brothers compare with our foremost exponents of to-day.

The Baddeley Brothers of Yore

In their day—some seven or eight years ago—these famous twins were at the zenith of their power. Either H. S. Mahony or H. S. Scrivener, I forget which, in "Lawn Tennis," the book edited by A. Wallis Myers, the most illuminating work, I consider, on lawn tennis as yet published, tells us that the brothers were well-nigh invincible. Wilfrid Baddeley was Singles Champion, as well as Doubles Champion, with his brother, and the writer goes on to say that he was at least the equal of Pim at his best. Well, seven or eight years ago is not a very long period, when all is said and done. Mahony was Champion, eight years ago, and to-day his play has certainly not deteriorated. Pim was a disappointment the year before last, when he made a third in the team we sent to try to capture the Davis Cup, but deterioration from his form of earlier days may be possible, since he is a busy man, and cannot give the time to tennis that is necessary. Still, the fact remains that, though, in his opinion, he felt competent to play against the best players of to-day, he was far from being their equal.

M. J. G. Ritchie

Ritchie was quite off colour when he met F. L. Riseley in the final of the Singles, and was badly beaten (6-0, 6-1, 6-2)

The Challenge Round of the All-Comers Singles: Doherty, the Winner, is playing on the near Court

The champion, H. L. Doherty, beat the challenger, F. L. Riseley, by three straight sets (6-1, 7-5, 8-6). Riseley was very nervous at the start, but pulled himself together after the first set, when it became a very close match

To return to the Baddeleys. I was an attentive bystander during their match the other day with Mahony and Brame Hillyard. At no period did the once invincible pair seem to stand a chance. They were quick, and they played together with the perfection that has so distinguished them. But their play lacked the sting of their opponents, while their services could not be called first class. It is true that one of the brothers had injured his finger, but they both played at about the same form, and so the injury did not make much apparent difference.

A Deduction Therefrom

It seems to me that the natural deduction from these facts is fairly obvious. One can say, without exaggeration, that Mahony and Hillyard could have conceded the Baddeleys half a bisque: where do we find ourselves? Mahony and Brame Hillyard are a useful pair, but Smith and Riseley would be handicapped to owe them half fifteen at all events. This puts a bisque, at the lowest computation, between the Baddeleys and the last-named pair. The Doherty Brothers, on handicapping form, could owe Smith and Riseley half fifteen, although I am aware some persons may dispute the assertion, since Smith and Riseley beat the Dohertys level a couple of years ago. Still, that particular match was not a fair criterion, while that of the Baddeleys on their form this year at Wimbledon was. The deduction from this train of reasoning, then, leaves us with the following result: Our champions can owe the Baddeleys half thirty. The latter have been playing very assiduously for some time past, they are both as agile as ever they were, and obviously feel confidence in themselves, or they would not have entered the list again.

H. L. Doherty

The Holder of the Championship

Max Decugis, Smashing

Decugis is the best player in France. Compared with our men, he would rank probably among the first six

Showing that the Game has Advanced

It is the fashion rather to decry our cracks, when comparing them with the players of other days. For myself, I believe the science of the game is more and more appreciated. The gates of the game are widening, and when we enter into battle with sister nations, when tournaments grow apace, when every club, no matter how humble, has its matches, a more healthy impetus is given to it. Everything points to the fact that lawn tennis, so far from deteriorating, has vastly improved in the last decade. Our foremost exponents have, I think, profited by the experience of their predecessors. In other words, the playing of lawn tennis to-day is brought to a far greater state of perfection than it has ever been hitherto. Perhaps the difference of an owed bisque would represent the improvement, a fine advance, when we consider what a first-class player can make of such a start.

International Matches

I am sorry that the space at my disposal prevents any reference to the International matches for the Davis Cup. These will be dealt with in our next issue. QUIDNUNC.

F. L. Riseley, Serving

Riseley has a splendid service, and no players, with the exception of the Dohertys, have so great a variety of strokes

AT WIMBLEDON: GROUPS OF LEADING

Mrs. Hillyard (in a white coat) discussing the progress of events with Miss Douglass, the Lady Champion

To the right of the photograph are G. W Hillyard and C H. L. Cazalet

A " Confab " of players

In the group, the four players (reading from left to right) are · H. S. Mahony, Miss Helen Lane, Miss C. M. Wilson, and A. W. Gore

PLAYERS SNAPSHOTTED BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Sandwich of the Past

I can well recall my first visit to Sandwich. I was staying at Margate in, I think, 1889, and heard rumours of the proximity of a fine course. So one day I proceeded to Sandwich, and in due course arrived at the scene of action. My cabby drove me up to a modest farm building, which, in appearance, spoke of nothing nearer to golf than butter, eggs, and cheese. Nothing daunted, I rang, and my summons was answered by what looked like the dairy-maid. I inquired if golf were played there, and, if so, whether I could play. To this query the cautious answering question was propounded: "Did I know any of the members?" This was a poser, but I countered by requesting to be allowed to inspect the list. On this being granted, an anxious perusal of the members' names revealed that of a personal friend. Hailing this discovery with joy, I announced the fact, and was permitted to inscribe my friend's name as introducing me for the day. I then had a game in the morning with dear old Ramsay Hunter, then and so many years afterwards the club professional, and in the afternoon with two of the best-known and most popular members of the club. Captain "Tommy" Mills and Mr. "Tristy" Welman. During those two rounds I saw enough to convince me that a new star had risen in the firmament of golf-links. Returning to Margate after my piratical, but most enjoyable trip, qualms seized me as to the nature of my introduction. So I hastily wrote off to my friend, who had all unwittingly franked me for the day's amusement, and informed him how I had taken his name in vain. I received, in a few days, the disconcerting but amusing reply that my friend was delighted at my having used his name as supporting my introduction, all the more so as he had ceased to be a member six months before the date of my visit. I think of Sandwich then and now, and tremble over the fate of anyone daring enough to attempt to emulate my marauding expedition in the old bucolic farm days of the great St. George's Club.

Then and Now

Very little remains now of the old farm building, the only relics of the old days being some of the rooms at the back, which give on to the old-fashioned garden behind the club house. The memory of my first visit came back to me with singular force when I was at Sandwich a few weeks ago, and the contrast between the "then" and the "now" was startling. What a change has come over the spirit of the scene in the comparatively short space of seventeen years. In that period, Sandwich has changed from a sleepy old derelict Cinque Port into a flourishing golf community, world-famous for its links, which rank among the leading links of the world. Lord Guilford, like many other proprietors of waste areas, must bless the day when first Dr. Purves's eagle eye swept the horizon from St. Clement's tower, and discerned the immense golfing possibilities of the sand dunes which he saw spreading out towards the sea.

How Golf at Sandwich Sprang from Archæology

Golf has often facetiously been allied with agriculture, but I never knew, till Dr. Purves told me so the other day, that golf at Sandwich owed its origin to the archæological pursuits of the Doctor's brother. It was during one of these archæological trips to investigate some reputed ancient Roman remains that the Doctor and his party were invited to ascend the tower of St. Clement's church. On reaching the top, the first words which burst from the doctor's lips, as he saw the rolling stretch of land now forming the Sandwich links were, "By George, what a place for golf!" And this is how golf sprang out of Roman remains. Everyone was delighted to see the Doctor, the other day, watching with keen enthusiasm the whole talent of the golfing world engaged in reducing the record over his favourite child. Unhappily he cannot any longer contend with the difficulties of that child with the consummate skill of which he was master in the old days. Illness, due to blood-poisoning, has made the practice of the game so painful that Dr. Purves has perforce been obliged to relinquish the fascinating pursuit. But his interest in the noble game, and more particularly in all that concerns it on the links of his own creation, remains unabated.

An Interesting Coincidence in Nomenclature

One most interesting coincidence the Doctor told me, which I do not remember having seen in any historical record of the St. George's club. It appears that the first name which the Doctor proposed for the maiden bunker was the "Jungfrau." It was only after finding that the actual historical name of the spot was the Maiden (interested readers will find it in the old maps in the County Histories) that the name proposed by the Doctor was abandoned in favour of the actual one, the more so as the two were practically identical. In the old days, malefactors and criminals were buried under the grim "maiden." Many an unhappy wight, who has followed his erring ball into that resting place of guilty souls, probably has little suspected, as he delved and "howked" to get his ball out that he was disturbing unhallowed ground.

Ernest Lehmann

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

Echoes of the Race

Now we are in the aftermath of the Gordon Bennett happenings, and, as the echoes of the tumult of this portentous advertisement die away in the distance, it is instructive to peruse the opinions of the public in the matter, as set out in all the great daily organs of the Press, both metropolitan and provincial. To this end we have endeavoured to digest excerpts from the newspapers of every shade and colour, and from the *Times* down to the meanest gutter rag, the inevitable conclusion seems to be arrived at, that we have had enough of road racing by motor-cars, at any rate under present conditions. If we take a look round, who, as a matter of fact, is benefited? Consider the great Panhard Company. To be "made like a Panhard," "finished like a Panhard," to "wear like a Panhard," these are household words. Where is this highly honoured firm? Out of it, so far as the race is concerned. The Napier Company need no advertisement, but they enter (at huge expense) five cars; one competes, and does not even get round the course at all. Will the Napier people sell any less cars in consequence? We doubt it. Their cars have an established reputation as practical vehicles of the highest class, and are quite independent of all this clap-trap.

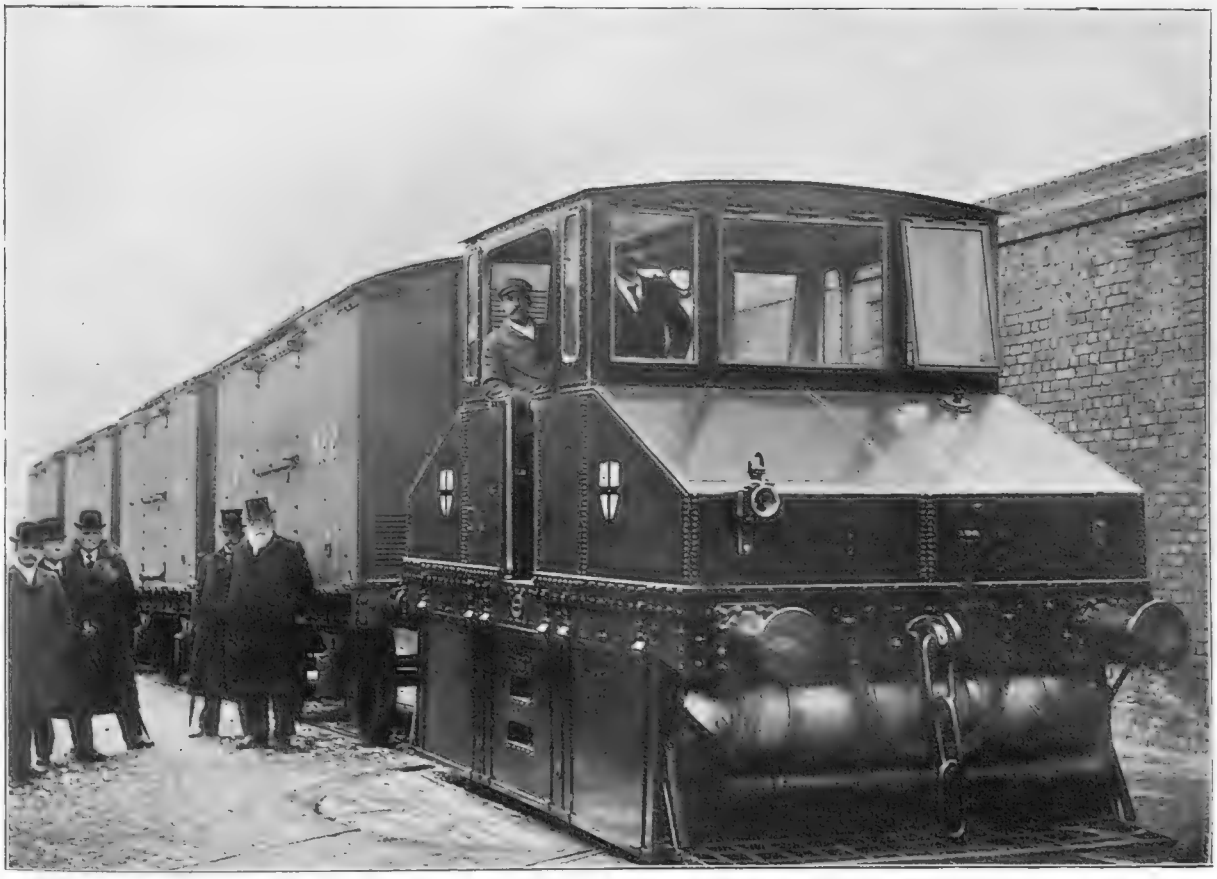


Photo by] **The Maudslay 75 h.-p. Petrol Motor Locomotive, used for Shunting Purposes** [*Stuart*

This locomotive has been specially built to the order of the City of London Corporation to haul meat trucks between Smithfield and the L.B. & S.C. Railway sidings. It draws a load of four trucks, weighing, when loaded, about fifty tons, and was built by the Maudslay Motor Company, of Coventry

Good News for the "Small Man"

The gladsome tidings are now to hand that the Automobile Club are going to do something to cheer up the "small man," who, up to the present, has been somewhat scornfully treated by this Institution. They announce, then, a reliability test, to be held on August 27, as follows:

The trials will consist of 12 non-stop runs of approximately 50 miles each, starting from and finishing at the same point. A 50 mile non-stop run will be made in the morning, and a similar run will be made in the afternoon, for six days, a total distance of 600 miles, and every car in order to be eligible for any award must complete the whole of the 600 miles.

CLASSIFICATION.

The trials shall be confined to cars costing not more than £200.

There shall be four classes:

Class A.—Not exceeding £125.

Class B.—Exceeding £125, but not exceeding £150

for exact duplicates of the vehicle entered for trial which may be given on or before December 14, 1904, and to deliver all such vehicles so ordered complete and in perfect working order on or before June 1, 1905, provided a cash deposit not exceeding one-third of the price of the vehicle is paid at the time of giving the order.

Should the manufacturer fail to comply with such guarantee he may, at the discretion of the Committee of the Club, be disqualified from taking part in any trial or event organised by the Club for a period not exceeding one year from the date when the Committee shall decide to so disqualify him.

All vehicles taking part are to be properly painted and upholstered.

The fuel consumption will be taken on one or more days.

No speed above the legal limit is allowed. Any car which is shown to have made an average of more than eighteen miles an hour on any fifty-mile run shall be disqualified, and no car which makes an average speed of less than twelve miles an hour on any one run shall receive an award, except in Class A, where an average speed of ten miles an hour will be admitted.

The Bridge over the Thames between Goring and Streatley

This bridge was the cause of much controversy in motor circles on account of the heavy toll imposed upon motorists. But upon representations being made, the Commissioners have agreed to reduce the toll for motor-cars from 2s. to 1s., upon condition that the rate of speed when crossing the bridge does not exceed four miles an hour

Class C.—Exceeding £150, but not exceeding £175.

Class D.—Exceeding £175, but not exceeding £200.

No fore-carriage, tricycle, or quadricycle will be allowed to compete in the Trials, and the decision as to what is a fore-carriage or tricycle, or quadricycle shall rest entirely with the Committee.

To Ensure Prompt Delivery

The following regulations have been introduced in order that competitors may ensure prompt delivery from manufacturers:

Every entry shall be accompanied by a written guarantee by the manufacturer of the car to accept all orders from all persons

Some Reflections

Now here, for once, is both sweetness and light, more especially the clause which relates to the supply to the public of similar vehicles, without unreasonable delay. It seems, in fact, to aim at the encouragement of practical and more or less standardised types, and at the exclusion of the quaint odds and ends which usually turn up at these entertainments in the hope of getting through, and so securing a good advertisement when, possibly, the competing car is the solitary experimental example that has ever been made.

An Excellent Tyre

The most successful amongst the various types of tyres now on the market may be reckoned the De Nevers patent grooved solid motor tyre. This differs from the ordinary type in that, at intervals along its circumference, are deep grooves or indentations, with the result that as the weight of the vehicle and all persons in it rest on that portion of the tyre which is in contact with the road surface, the rubber has room to expand longitudinally, with a result that extreme resiliency is secured, so much so, that in a car thus fitted it is quite impossible, at moderate speeds, to detect any difference in comfort between it and that of an ordinary pneumatic pumped hard, which the latter has to be, if it is to last for long.

C. G. Matson.

The De Nevers Solid Tyre, which can be fitted to Clincher Rims

Answers to Correspondents

E.B.K.—We cannot enter into a paper controversy on the merits of your invention. If it is as you state it to be, all we can remark is that a huge fortune awaits you. You have marked the correspondence "private," so I do not refer further to it, observing that in motor-car matters, things are not always the same on the dish as they are in the menu. Moreover, there are two other Horatios in the field in your particular line. We wish you well.

Medico.—We do not believe that you will experience great satisfaction in working a Welsh Country practice, mostly on bad roads on pneumatic tyres. Try the De Nevers grooved solids. Up to twenty miles an hour they are practically as comfortable as pneumatics.

F. A.—Don't touch it. It is utter rubbish.

X. Y. Z.—Get one of the *Autocar* experts to "vet." it. They have agents in every part of the country. Fee, £2-4. Then drive it fifty miles and do not pay more than £180.

Hopeful.—We know nothing of the Palmer Cord Tyre at present, and will be grateful for your experience of it.

Bothered.—So long as you have that Carburettor, so long will you have trouble. Take it out, place it firmly in the dust-bin, buy a "Sthenos" for about £4, and all will be perfect peace down your way.

P.—You are not the only amateur worried by "make and break" contacts on the engine. Abolish them, and fit a "wipe." It is sold, ready-made, by Riches, 4, Gray's Inn Road. It will fit.

Tyro.—Of course, solid tyres wear out in time; those on driving-wheels should last a year, and two years on the front wheels. Cost, per pair, in your case, would be about £12 or £8 respectively. You may pay £10 for one single pneumatic tyre, which may puncture either in 1,000, 100, 10, or even in one mile. These matters are on the knees of the gods; no one may prophesy concerning them. But it won't keep *us* awake at night, even if you do have pneumatics!

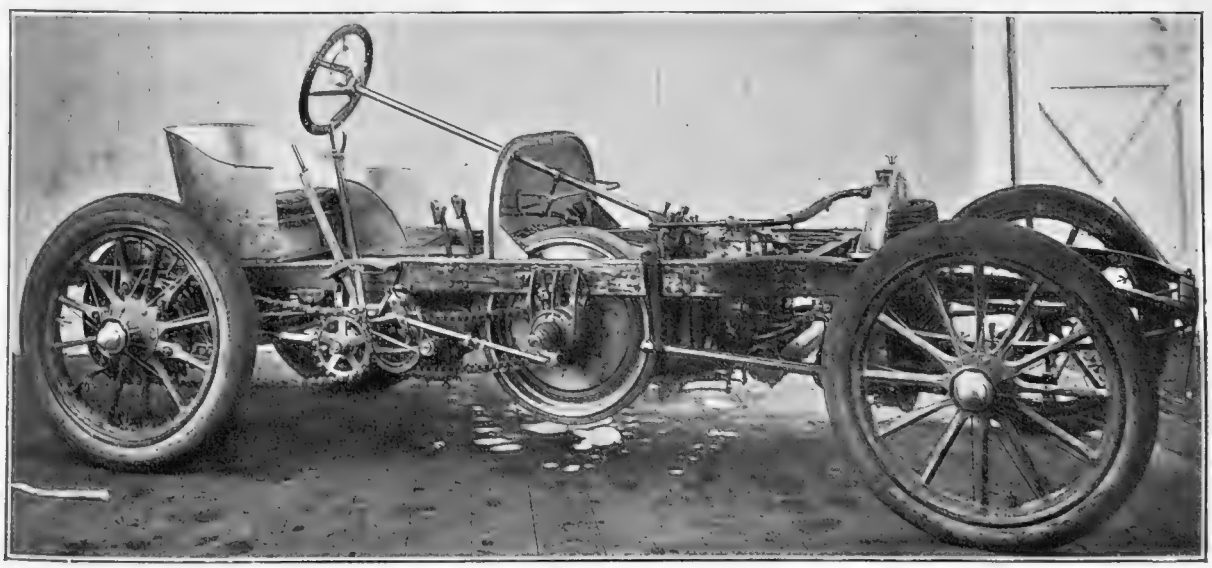
Will any agent tell us where the "Dürr" Carburettor can be obtained? We have inquiries concerning it.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in our pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. 3d. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.



The Chassis of a high-powered Wolseley Racing Car, showing the Machinery

It will be remembered that both the Wolseley Cars finished the course in the Gordon Bennett Race, and performed in a highly creditable manner

THE CONNOISSEUR

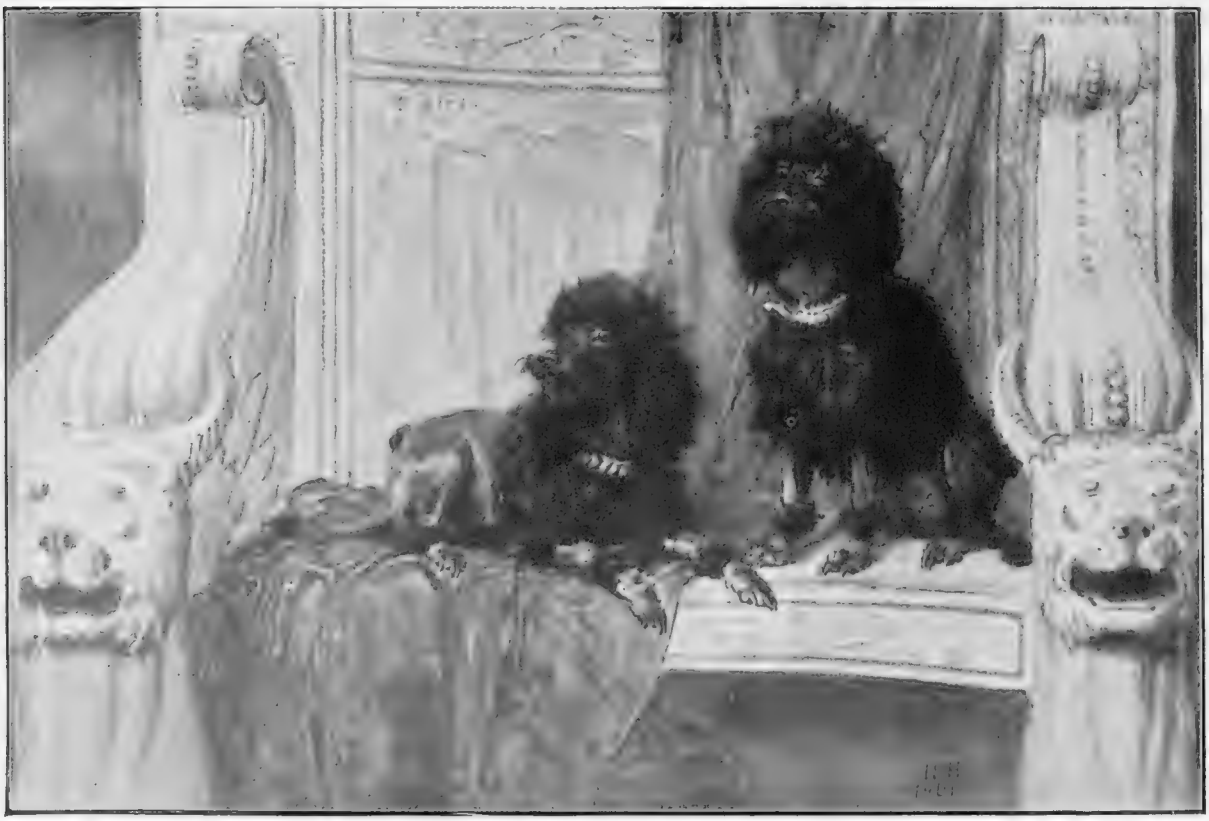
The Cult of the Miniature

Recently a tiny miniature painting brought a final bid at Christie's, of £2,750. It is true that it was from the Hawkins' collection, and was painted nearly 400 years ago, when the artist, Holbein, served King Henry VIII. But the art, after many changes and chances, is still flourishing. The present Society of Miniature Painters has no lack of members or of patrons, as the exhibition recently held at the Modern Gallery plainly demonstrated. At the present time, many different styles of the miniaturist's art progress side by side, from the freedom of Mr. Cecil Jay's "Lord James," to the engaging and deliberate statement of fact in Mr. Lionel Heath's "Mrs. Wex." Mrs. Carbould Ellis gives us a wonderful amount of delicacy, mystery, and charm in her "Study in Grey" (Mrs. Claude Watney), and there is a new grace in the "Fillette blonde" of Madame Chardon.

LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD
BY MISS CECIL JAY

Mr. Alyn Williams works with amusing freedom, and Mrs. Gertrude Massey carries the other extreme, that of refinement, to its ultimate and agreeable issue in the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel.

In "The Seats of the Mighty," Miss Nellie Hadden gives some admirable portraits of poodles; they, however, show very much better in colour, where their distinguished and brilliant black coats tell with great effect against their surroundings. E. M.



"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY"
BY MISS NELLIE HADDEN

Two Exhibits at the Society of Miniature Painters Exhibition Recently held in the Modern Gallery, Bond Street

MODERN MINIATURES.

FILLETTE
BLONDE PROFIL
by
Mde C. Debillemont Chardon.

NELL
daughter of
J. GWYNN HOLFORD, Esq
by
Alyn Williams R.B.A.

Mrs WEX
by
Lionel Heath.

The Hon.
Mrs George
HEPPEL
by Mrs Gertrude Massey.

Mrs CLAUDE WATNEY
by E. Corbould Ellis.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Letter and an Answer

I have received a long and exceedingly interesting letter from "Gipsy," controverting some of the statements I made in my first article on the subject of what she calls the "crass stupidity and paucity of ideas concerning our sex" which I assigned to Man. I acknowledge the truth of a good deal of what she says, especially where she blames us women for expecting men still to be chivalrous towards us when we have beaten them at their own game, whatever it may be. We certainly are extremely foolish if we expect anything of the sort. As long as we behave like foolish dolls, and lay ourselves out for man's praise and admiration, without betraying any undue amount of intellect, which, of course, would worry him intensely, man is quite willing to accord us that very cheap form of consideration which consists in *pretending* to give way to us. *Place aux Dames* is a very good motto when it means merely handing a chair to a woman or opening a door, which she could very well open for herself. But there is not much *Place aux Dames* when we show ourselves equal to men intellectually, and beat them on their own ground. Then the floodgates of man's naturally brutal and jealous temperament are opened, and we have to put up with all sorts of contemptuous abuse and criticism.

Women's Votes

Look at the question of votes! Does anybody suppose that I or "Gipsy," well-educated women with good working brains, are less able to take an intelligent interest in the burning questions of the day than our own gardeners or coachmen, or than the majority of the free and enlightened electors whose suffrages we go out of our way to solicit on behalf of our favourite candidates at election time? I should suppose not. And yet, thousands of ignorant men help to decide the nation's policy, while the cleverest of women are denied a voice in the matter. I don't know anything about politics myself, and don't want to, but in this Fiscal Question, for instance, I *think* I should know what man I thought most of if I were asked, and I *think* I should have enough sense to put a cross against the name of the parliamentary candidate I liked best.

Women's Degrees

And then, take the question of women's degrees at the older Universities. The authorities have no objection to allowing women to study under their awe-inspiring guidance, and even condescend to examine them in the same way that they examine men. But even if a woman comes out first of all, as has happened more than once, there the matter ends. Every ignorant pass-man or poll-man who has succeeded in scraping through the minimum test at Oxford or Cambridge is entitled to wear a hood and call himself B.A., but is a woman Senior Classic or Senior Wrangler allowed to do so? Oh dear no. She even has to put up with seeing the man whom she has beaten calling *him*self Senior Classic or Senior Wrangler. Not much *Place aux Dames* about that, I think.

My Husbands

I am grateful to "Gipsy" for her expression of sympathy with me for my "experiences," and her hope that, while maintaining the courage of my opinions, I may yet come across an honest gentleman. But I do not believe my experiences to have been worse than those of the majority of women. I have been married twice, and both of my husbands have treated me well according to their lights. They had to. They were both honest gentlemen, and I have nothing but respect for their memory. But I would not marry again, even if I were asked, for although not older than other people, and a good deal younger than some brides I have known, I feel no need of a man's so-called protection. I can protect myself very well. And I do not feel inclined to give up my own independence, and submit all my actions to the revision of a man who expects to be put first in everything. No, "Gipsy," men may *pretend* to give place to women as long as they have everything their own way, but just try your own husband by this little test: Tell him that you would prefer to have a high tea a seven o'clock, instead of dinner at eight or half past, and write and tell me the result.

The International Congress of Women

I wish I could have been in Berlin a fortnight ago, when six thousand delegates, representing seven millions of women, from nearly all the civilised countries of the world, met together to discuss affairs having to do with the welfare of our sex. It must have been a stirring sight. And the intelligence and public spirit displayed by the speakers was remarkable. At least, they would have been remarkable in a gathering of men. As it was, they were only what might have been expected. Listen to these words from the opening speech of Frau Stritt, the President of the German Union:

> Woman seeks emancipation, not to imitate or rival man, but to emphasise her special characteristics, and in so doing, she is capable of becoming the strong, free, motherly woman that the future needs.

There you have the sensible view of woman's place in the world. Of course, she has no wish to imitate man. Why should she? And as for rivalling him—well, she is content to do the things which no man can do, and keep quiet about it. It is a great pity that she ever has to come out into the open and fight for the most elementary rights. When women of the wage-earning classes do equal work with men, they don't get equal pay, as Lady Aberdeen said in an interesting paper on the subject. And why? Because men have decided that woman's work shall be cheap. For no other reason at all. That is the sort of thing we *must* fight. I should think it must be perfectly obvious, by this time, that we shall never get justice unless we do. *Place aux Dames* will never get it for us, nor the "innate chivalry of man."

CALPURNIA.

HEAL & SON'S

Reproductions of Early Georgian Bedroom Furniture.

Booklet containing Photographs, Prices, and all Particulars sent Post Free on application to

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PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD ST.

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NOW PROCEEDING.

REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

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"OBAN."
SMART AND USEFUL
"Inverness" Travelling Wrap.
Made in a variety of Tweeds, superior cut and finish,
Usual Price, 49/6
Sale Price, 28/6

"TREFOIL."
Black Voile Skirt.
Exceptionally well cut and finished. Lined Silk.
Sale Price, 34/9

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Fortunately it takes all sorts to make a world, otherwise we should feel more diffident than is already the case, in babbling about dress in a journal with such strenuous views as THE BYSTANDER. It is generally accredited of women, who not merely talk but take fashions seriously, that they are otherwise bereft of all understanding; therefore it may come as something of a surprise to hear that I would fain discuss the subject taken up by Calpurnia.

There is a strong appeal in it, and what she says about the pleased garrulity of the *jeunesse dorée* when enticed to the subject of their own attire, is a truth most of us can vouch for. The surpassing vanity of women, like all traditional beliefs, is a poor untrustworthy thing, and harking backwards, we have it on the best authority that the adorning of her person, in the first instance, was merely suggested to woman as a subterfuge to satisfy the senses of primeval man, who would otherwise have speedily exterminated her

To-day, it has grown to be a very subtle and interesting question indeed, for whom or for what women dress. Myself, I do not think there are any general laws to be laid down, but this much I am persuaded of, that the approval and criticism of the other sex have a very minor influence now, whatever might have been the case in prehistoric days, although it is equally impossible to say what actuates the taste of the large majority.

Demand for Individuality

Ambrosine and I were only discussing this very question the other day, apropos of certain women, whose minds are so constituted that only a frock bedizened with a plethora of small details, appeals in the least degree. No matter how laboured the expression, the confection pleases by virtue of its elaborateness, the amazing depth and wonder of which are alone apparent to the wearer and her modiste. This is essentially a show room model, one that is eventually lost in the general ruck of blues, and pinks and white.

Such gowns account at once for the continuance in our midst, of modistes, who, without a vestige of natural taste, or, in fact, any inherent sense about clothes at all, have built up successful businesses merely by pandering to this detailed demand. It has suited their slow, acquired methods to perfection, and, being before all things mercantile, they contrive to make one model serve many ends, by dint of divers and astonishing decorations.

To talk to the like of these of the seductions of silhouette, of the conviction of a simple contour, or the enhancing value of a simple piece of good lace, jewelled buttons, or a bold splash of colour relief, is merely waste of breath. They are, perforce, profoundly bored, because, not understanding, they are merely plodders in the paths of sartorialism, as far removed from the true artist as the cook-general is from the autocratic chef.

The fashionable Marie Stuart Toupee

(See page x)

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 31.—Vol. III. Wednesday, July 6, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone Nos. 30 PADDINGTON. 2347 GERRARD.

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(WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.)

Telegrams: "GILLOWS, LONDON."

GILLOWS' LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings in Two Parts, obtainable post free six stamps.
I. Estates and Houses Unfurnished.
II. Furnished Mansions and Shootings.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.—To be SOLD, a pretty Bungalow RESIDENCE, in charming position overlooking the sea, close to golf & tennis clubs, near excellent schools. Accommodation: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, stabling for 3, with 5-roomed cottage, gardens & grounds in all about ¾ of an acre. More land near if required. Residence would be sold without the stabling.
Messrs. GILLOWS have been instructed to place the above up to public Auction the first week of August, if not sold previously by private treaty.

REDHILL DISTRICT.—To be LET on Lease, this pretty Bijou RESIDENCE, in the open country, overlooking grand stretches of Common land. Square entrance hall, 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), electric light, recently redecorated and Furnished. Premium, including Furniture, £850 Rent, £70 per annum. (E. L. 120)

MINEHEAD.—To be SOLD or LET, a pretty, well-built RESIDENCE, facing the sea & Welsh coast: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, stabling for 2, detached billiard room. £1,600. (12,292)

SOMERSET (CHARD). — To be SOLD, a beautiful Tudor COTTAGE, stone built & thatched roof. Accommodation: 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, grounds of 3 acres. Price, £1,000. (11,922)

CHANNEL ISLANDS (GUERNSEY). — To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, this commanding RESIDENCE, in a high but sheltered position, overlooking land and sea; 3 reception, 13 bedrooms; stabling; beautifully laid out grounds. Price, £2,450. Rent, £180. (11,953)

For 6 winter months.

WEYBRIDGE DISTRICT. — To be LET, Furnished, a charming modern RESIDENCE, standing on gravel soil, billiard, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, electric light. Grounds of 6 acres. Photo. (11 943)

£3,000 for a FARM in a pretty part of Sussex, 3 reception, 14 bedrooms, stabling; cottage and outbuildings, mill, &c.; 75 acres; trout stream, photos and plan. (12,306)

BETWEEN PORTMAN AND MANCHESTER SQUARES.—£7,000 will purchase an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, containing: 11 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; Stabling for 4. (40,091)

CAVENDISH SQUARE (close to).—£8,750 will secure the 50 years' lease of a capital newly-modernised RESIDENCE, containing: 10 bed, 2 bath, 5 reception, & billiard room. (40,136)

HYDE PARK.—An imposing newly modernised RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed close to Park and Kensington Gardens: 5 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms; stabling for 3. Rent, £315. (37,214)

RENT FREE UNTIL MICHAELMAS.

LEINSTER GARDENS, Hyde Park.—A very attractive, medium-sized RESIDENCE, modernised at considerable expense: 9 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms (three on ground floor). Rent, £180; small premium. (40,066)

REGENT'S PARK.—£2,500 would be considered for a delightful RESIDENCE, standing in well-wooded grounds of 2½ acres: 8 bed, 2 bath, 6 reception rooms; stabling. Rent, £230. (40,127)

OWNER GOING ABROAD.

SOUTH HAMPSTEAD.—A well-built, red-brick modern RESIDENCE to be LET at £75 per ann.: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms. The well-made furniture and effects (nearly new) will be Sold for £700. (40,126)

EALING.—£10,000 will be accepted for the FREEHOLD of a delightful RESIDENCE, standing in 4 acres of ground: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; motor-car house, &c. (40,150)

UPPER NORWOOD.—Well built detached RESIDENCE, standing in over an acre of ground: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard room, & stabling. Price, £1,250. (40,147)

BELGRAVIA.—Substantially built & perfectly appointed RESIDENCE, fitted with passenger lift: 10 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. Lease 80 years. Price, £8,500. (40 130)

TRUST LEASE.
NOMINAL GROUND RENT.

MAYFAIR.—The opportunity occurs of securing a charming modern RESIDENCE, containing: 11 bed, bath, & 5 reception rooms. In first-rate repair and ready for occupation. Price, £12,000. (40,152)

BAYSWATER HILL.—Exceptionally attractive modern RESIDENCE, containing: 10 bed, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. Every convenience. Price, £4,000. (40,141)

SLOANE STREET.—For SALE, one of the best modern red brick RESIDENCES in this fashionable thoroughfare; 14 bed, 2 bath, & 5 reception rooms; long lease. Price, £14,000, or close offer. (40,146)

HYDE PARK.—Conveniently placed RESIDENCE, containing: 9 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms (billiard). Rent, £230. (40,149)

CHARMING FURNISHED FLAT at Unfurnished Rent, with excellent open outlook over Regent's Park. Accommodation: 3 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms. Rent only 3 gs. per week. GILLOWS. (3,245)

DRAYTON GARDENS, S.W.—An attractive little FLAT, well furnished and admirably situated on the entrance floor of one of the best mansions in this favourite part; 3 bed, bath, & 2 reception rooms. Rent 3 gs. to 5 gs. per week, according to term. Agents, GILLOWS. (3,211)

AN EXCELLENTLY FURNISHED FLAT on the first floor to be LET. Accommodation: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, & 3 reception rooms. Lift & all modern conveniences. Rent only 10 gs. per week for any term. Inspected & recommended by GILLOWS.

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

HERTS (G.N.R., 4½ miles of a station).—To be SOLD, an important Sporting and Residential DOMAIN, of about 1,700 acres, old red-brick MANSION, standing high, overlooking magnificent views, square hall, billiard, 4 reception, 20 bedrooms, stabling for 7, several cottages and farms, well let. Price, £45,000. (12,340)

SUSSEX (in a magnificent position overlooking beautifully wooded Estates and common land).—To be LET, Furnished, this comfortable RESIDENCE, comprising: 4 reception and 14 bedrooms, stabling, lodge entrance. A low rent will be accepted. Inspected by GILLOWS. (12,108)

HANTS (occupying a grand position on high ground).—To be SOLD, a well-built MANSION, with sitting hall, billiard, 4 reception, 21 bedrooms, stabling, outbuildings, cottages, &c. Magnificent park & gardens. The Estate extends over 3,000 acres, is divided into several farms, well let. Excellent shooting. 4 miles of excellent fishing. (12,294)

WINDSOR FOREST.—To be SOLD, an important FREEHOLD PROPERTY extending over 13 acres, with modern mansion, luxuriously fitted: billiard, sitting hall, 3 reception, 22 bed & dressing rooms, stabling, farm buildings, lodge. Would be let Furnished. Photo. (12,316)

EASTERN COUNTIES.—To be SOLD, a Sporting ESTATE of 3,000 acres. The family mansion contains some 20 bedrooms, good reception rooms; commodious stabling, farm outbuildings, cottages, lodge, etc. Game bag on application. (12,008)

SOUTH WALES (close to Station).—Furnished for summer this old fashioned RESIDENCE: 5 reception, 12 bedrooms. Stabling, charming grounds. Private trout fishing, golf. Rent 10 gs. a week. (12,232)

LEICESTERSHIRE.—To be SOLD, an excellent HUNTING BOX: 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, electric light, heated by radiators, stabling for 16, 3 cottages, & other buildings; 84 acres of first-class grass land. Price, £11,000. (12,320)

FOUR PER CENT. INVESTMENT.

HEREFORDSHIRE (borders of).—To be SOLD, a SPORTING ESTATE, of 1,800 acres, in a ring fence, with well-built RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 14 bedrooms, stabling, shooting, fishing, & hunting. Price, £42,500. (12,280)

406, OXFORD STREET (Entrance 48, Duke Street), LONDON, W.

HAMPTON & SONS

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AUCTIONS of **ESTATES** and **RESIDENCES** conducted monthly at the Mart, London, E.C.

VALUATIONS AND SALES of Furniture, Pictures, Farming Stock, Timber, etc.—Auction Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS. MEDIUM-SIZED HOUSE.

HATFIELD (within an easy drive, and under a mile from a station on the main G.N.Ry.).—To be LET, Unfurnished, this charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate over 400ft. above sea-level on gravel soil, and commanding exceptionally fine views from the principal rooms, extending as far as St. Alban's Abbey. The accommodation includes: 2 halls, 4 good reception rooms, and billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, fitted bathroom, and convenient domestic offices, and cellars; gas and water laid on, main drainage. The grounds are exceptionally attractive, possessing a wealth of fine old timber, also a stretch of ornamental water, 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, etc., in all about 7 acres, together with about 33 acres of rich old grassland; stabling for 6, laundry, cowhouses, lodge and gardener's cottage.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

Or would be LET, Unfurnished.

In a good Residential District, 10 miles from NORWICH.

£2,500 WILL BE TAKEN for a delightful Old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of about 7 acres; the house contains, on the ground floor, 3 spacious reception rooms, strong-room, &c., excellent domestic offices; on the upper floors, approached by principal and secondary staircases, are 7 best bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, and 5 other bedrooms, bathroom, &c.; stabling for 4 horses, 2 coach houses, harness-room; 3 cottages let at £22 10s. per annum, gardener's cottage, also another building let at £10 per annum; ample outbuildings, &c.; charming old-fashioned grounds, including tennis and other lawns, fully-stocked kitchen garden, vineries, orchard, paddock, in all about 7 acres: shooting can be had immediately adjoining the property.—Personally inspected by HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., where photos and plans may be seen.

TO GENTLEMEN RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

IDEAL MARINE RETREAT, close to fashionable resort on South East Coast, 1¼ hours out.—For SALE, this picturesque Freehold RESIDENCE, snugly ensconced in about 3 acres of lovely old grounds, yet quite open to the south, with beautiful views of land and sea. The chief feature of the house is the fine spacious hall, there are 3 reception, bath, and 11 bedrooms, servants' hall, and offices; capital stabling and entrance lodge; flower gardens, sheltered lawns for croquet and tennis, and productive fruit garden with greenhouses.—Recommended from inspection by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AMIDST CHARMING WOODLAND SCENERY.

550FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN BY EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE.

SURREY HILLS.—This very attractive PROPERTY, occupying a delightful position in its own grounds of nearly 10 acres, for SALE, or would be LET partly furnished or Unfurnished. The House is approached by pretty carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: porch with hall, 4 spacious reception rooms, billiard room, lavatories, etc., 13 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom, excellent domestic offices: stabling for 4 horses, coach-house, harness room, and outbuildings, coachman's cottage of 4 rooms. The grounds, which are inexpensive to keep up, are most tastefully disposed in lawns, flower beds, and borders, pretty woodland walks, shady and secluded tennis lawn, croquet lawns, capital kitchen garden, paddock, glasshouses, etc., in all nearly 10 acres; 20 more acres of land if required.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street; and at their Surrey Hills Office, at Oxted.

DORKING (in a delightful position, amidst perfect country near Boxhill, with lovely views).—To be LET, Furnished, or Unfurnished, the above fine COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in a high but sheltered position, with matured grounds and pastures extending to 40 or 56 acres, as may be required. The Residence contains inner and outer halls, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, very complete offices, 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and all conveniences: extensive stabling, groom's and coachman's accommodation, two cottages, etc.; the premises are lighted by gas; the grounds are handsomely timbered and highly picturesque: tennis and other lawns, shubberies, cricket ground, orchard, splendid kitchen gardens, greenhouses, etc. Rent, Unfurnished, with 56 acres, £332 per annum, or would be LET with less land; about 200 acres of shooting can also be had adjoining. The whole forms a complete country establishment less than an hour from the City or West End.—Apply Messrs. WHITE and SONS, Dorking; or HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

COTSWOLD HILLS, 600 feet above sea-level, within easy drive of Gloucester and Cheltenham, only 2½ hours' journey from London.—Handsomely Furnished, for a few months, a very attractive RESIDENCE, facing South, with 5 reception rooms, conservatory, large billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and gardens, with orchard and paddock; near golf links.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

G.N.R. (one hour from Town, on gravel soil).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a comfortable FAMILY RESIDENCE, in a healthy and perfectly countrified position, standing well away from the road, in 40 acres of park-like grounds; contains: hall, 4 reception, and 15 bedrooms, bath, and offices; capital stabling, delightful grounds, with forest trees, lawns, interesting dry moat and drawbridge, kitchen garden.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES and **RESIDENCES** and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in two parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

I. Unfurnished Houses and Landed Estates.
II. Furnished Residences and Shootings.

ROSS-ON-WYE. 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL

A PICTURESQUE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 150ft. long, and commanding uninterrupted views of surpassing beauty. It contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and complete domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach house, loft over; delightful grounds, comprising: shrubberies, orchard, tennis and other lawns, prolific kitchen garden and firwood, in all about 6 acres; small farmery with homestead, cottages, outbuildings, and 13 acres of pasture-land: the cottages and homestead are let at £16 10s., without the land; golf course near; excellent fishing. Price for the whole, £2,200. Rent on lease, £95 per annum; agreement £105. Part of the House, stabling, and grounds of 6 acres, £45 per annum; agreement £75.—Further particulars from the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE (in a bracing and pleasant position, overlooking a charming valley and close to Minchinhampton Golf Links, within ½ of a mile from a station on the Midland Ry., and 3½ miles from Stroud).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming old MANOR HOUSE, containing large entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 3 or 6 horses, double coach house, etc.; 5-roomed cottage; pleasure gardens and grounds extending to about 8 acres, are of great natural beauty, and include spacious lawn, rose garden, two walled kitchen gardens, vinery, conservatories, etc. More land could be rented. The House is within easy distance of several well-known packs. Rent, with about 8 acres, £130 per annum, or with about 21 acres, £150 per annum on lease.—Particulars of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, SW.

SURREY HILLS HOUSE AGENTS.—HAMPTON and SONS' List of Houses to be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, arranged with Oxted as a centre, radiating to Reigate, Sevenoaks, East Grinstead, and Warlingham—Agency Office, Oxted Station.

£1,150.—**BIJOU FARM,** near Oxted, Surrey, suitable for poultry; 5-roomed house, outbuildings, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 3 enclosures of rich meadow land, in all about 10 acres; freehold.—Further particulars apply to HAMPTON and SONS, Land Agents, Oxted, Surrey, and Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3 COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. Branch Offices at WIMBLEDON and OXTED

Telegrams: "Everything, London." Telephone Nos. {1971 Kensington / 5151 Westminster

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

19 MILES FROM HYDE PARK.

SURREY (in a pretty part).—To be SOLD or LET on lease, this most conveniently situated, well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in its own well-wooded grounds of about 2½ acres, and built on a broad terrace sloping down to the lawn. The house is exceptionally well built, and contains: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing-rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, and offices, golf links within easy reach. Price, with 2½ acres, £5,750, rent on lease, £275 per annum, extra land could be had if desired.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£100 PER ANNUM.

SURREY (Kenley).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming creeper-clad modern RESIDENCE, in an exceedingly beautiful position some 400ft. above sea-level, and standing in its own prettily laid-out, well-wooded grounds of about an acre, with lawns, flower beds, terrace walks, kitchen garden, etc., 2 greenhouses: the accomodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices. Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,154)

KENT (near Tunbridge Wells).—To be LET, Furnished, a charming Elizabethan RESIDENCE, standing fairly high in its own pretty grounds, and contains: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual domestic offices. Motor house. Rent, 5 guineas per week by the year. (F 2,056)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates and in the Kensington district, and have also many of these available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

KENSINGTON.—In a very quiet position, opposite gardens. Well-arranged RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, containing: 5 bedrooms, 2 good reception rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices, electric light. Rent, £140 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHELSEA.—Modern and well-arranged TOWN HOUSE to be SOLD, facing ornamental gardens. The accommodation comprises: 5 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, and very good domestic offices. Ground rent, £12 per annum. Lease 59 years unexpired. Price £2,350.—Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOUTH KENSINGTON (2 minutes from the Oratory).—Well Furnished and decorated HOUSE to be LET, containing: 6 bedrooms, 4 good reception rooms, bathroom, and complete offices. Rent only 6 gs. per week, or might be let unfurnished. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HANS MANSIONS.—One of these perfectly arranged and exceptionally light FLATS to be LET on Lease. The accommodation comprises: 4 bedrooms, 2 handsome reception rooms, very good square hall, and complete domestic offices; electric light, continual supply of hot water, and day and night porters. Rent only £300 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum and also furnished from 3gs. to 30gs. per week. A carefully selected List will be sent on receipt of requirements.

WILTS (Chippenham).—To be SOLD or LET. Unfurnished, a charmingly situated country RESIDENCE, standing in its own attractive grounds of about 3 acres, including tennis and other lawns, flower garden, shrubbery, kitchen garden, orchard, greenhouses, and forcing house; also fish pond with fountain. The residence contains: 4 reception rooms, hall, 8 bedrooms, housekeeper's room, and excellent domestic offices. Stabling for 10 horses, 2 coach houses, and groom's room. Price, £2,850; rent, £120 per annum—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,153)

KENT (near Sevenoaks).—To be LET, Furnished, for a year or for the summer, this exceedingly picturesque and very conveniently situated RESIDENCE, standing in its own well shrubbed and tastefully laid out grounds, with lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, paddock, and woodland, in all about 8 acres. It contains large hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and excellent offices. Stabling for 3 horses, coach house, harness room, and rooms over, good outbuildings, lodge. Rent and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,955)

HEREFORD (within 1½ miles of a station).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charmingly situated, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 500 ft. above sea level, with 4 acres of ground, including orchard, flower, and kitchen gardens. It contains 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices, stabling for 2 horses. Rent, £65 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Telegrams: "OWENISME London." Telephone: 1,655 Mayfair.

OWEN WALLIS & CO.

ESTATE AGENTS — AUCTIONEERS — VALUERS

TO ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD FARMHOUSE.

HANTS (3 miles from Liphook).—To be SOLD, a delightful old Freehold RESIDENCE, which has recently been enlarged and improved by the occupier, a well-known artist, who, while making vast improvements, has retained all the characteristic features, such as the old carved oak work, etc. There are 7 bed and 3 reception rooms, capital offices, and very pretty gardens, 4 or 35 acres, as desired; numerous outbuildings, including stabling and a very fine studio (54ft. in length).—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

A PERFECTLY UNIQUE RESIDENCE

31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

TO BE SOLD AT A SACRIFICE.—A picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with 12 acres, about 2 miles from Weybridge, and forming an ideal home for a city man. Money has within the last few years been lavished on the property to provide luxuries right out of the common. The Residence is in splendid order, electric light is installed, while the sanitary fittings are simply perfection. Accommodation comprises: square hall, quaint Dutch snuggery, drawing room in Adams' style, oak-panelled dining room, divan; 10 bedrooms, 2 model bathrooms, servants' hall, and very good offices; stabling for 4; several cottages; perfectly lovely old gardens; croquet, tennis; chestnut drive; miniature golf course; capital kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, orchard, outbuildings, and park land. Very strongly recommended.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

UNEXPECTEDLY FOR SALE.

SURREY.—An hour from town. A very charming, picturesque RESIDENCE, in a magnificent position, commanding unrivalled views over undulating country, surrounded by finely timbered park land (of under 20 acres), ornamented by a large sheet of water; in perfect order, and containing: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom and good offices; stabling and cottages.—Very strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street. S.W.

£3,000. Near Oxted; 700ft. up.

IN an ideal situation with glorious views; finely timbered grounds and meadows of 10 acres; double hall, drawing and dining rooms, 6 bedrooms, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

NEAR CROWBORO' BEACON.

PLEASURE AND SPORTING ESTATE of medium size, a little over an hour south of London, for SALE at a bargain price. It comprises nearly 70 acres of heavily-timbered land, with well-built and splendidly placed Residence, at present containing 5 bedrooms, but capable of being enlarged at a moderate outlay. There are all the amenities of a country place.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

ON THE BORDERS OF THE ERIDGE PINE-WOODS (430ft. above sea level, and a mile from Tunbridge Wells Station, Cannon Street, 48 minutes).—A most attractive Leasehold Property, comprising an EARLY ENGLISH RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive, and surrounded by 11 acres of prettily-timbered grounds. 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices, including servants' hall; modern stabling for 4, coachman's dwelling, tennis and other lawns, grassy slopes, wilderness garden, kitchen garden (one acre), with glasshouses, 3 meadows, cowhouses, etc. To be SOLD.—Particulars at the offices of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO BUY in Hampshire, if possible, near Alton, a good Country HOUSE, containing 8 or 9 bedrooms, with 3 to 5 acres. Price, £3,000 to £4,000.—Address, C. A., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO RENT, with option of purchase, about 20 to 30 miles out and within easy reach of the City, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with inexpensive grounds. About 8 to 10 bedrooms.—"Hamilton," c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO BUY, an Elizabethan or Georgian HOUSE, with about 20 acres. High situation, with good views; 9 to 12 bedrooms; about two hours from London, not G.E. Ry., or on clay or chalk. Price £4,000 to £6 000.—Particulars to H., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a small Country PROPERTY, comprising Residence, with 8 bedrooms, and from 5 to 20 acres. Late train once a week. Price, £3,000 to £5,000.—"J.," c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED to PURCHASE on the G.W. Ry., in a high position, and preferably in Gloucestershire, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing 16 to 18 bedrooms, surrounded by small park of 30 to 50 acres. About £12,000 will be given. Replies to Sir Frederick, c/o OWEN WALLIS, 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO RENT, Unfurnished, within a 10-mile radius of Winchester (preferred), a good country RESIDENCE, containing at least 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 or 4 sitting rooms, stabling and matured garden. Rent not to exceed £250 per annum. Letters to C. G., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO RENT, in a Western County, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE (7 bedrooms), with grounds and stabling. About £100 to £125 per annum. F. G. C., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

STOKE COURT ESTATE.

Stoke Poges, Farnham Royal, Burnham Beeches, Bucks.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Monday the 25th inst., at 2 p.m.,

THE OUTLYING PORTIONS

of the above Estate, including the VARIOUS HOUSES AND HOLDINGS, and A LARGE QUANTITY OF WOODS WITH FINE PINE, BEECH, AND OAK TREES, comprising

EXCEPTIONAL SITES FOR COUNTRY HOUSES,

and extending to a total area of nearly

400 ACRES.

Plans and full particulars of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

SOMERSET (3 miles from an important market town).—To be SOLD, Freehold, a small RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 54 acres. Accomodation: 5 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 8 horses, farmery, and 3 cottages. Company's water laid on.—Price and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,307)

ONE HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

Georgian House: billiard room; golf links; farmery.

TO BE SOLD, a good HOUSE, with 50 acres: 2 halls, 5 fine reception rooms, billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6; beautifully timbered gardens and grounds.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,211)

400 feet above sea level.

One hour South of London, with good train service.

TO BE SOLD, one of the choicest small RESIDENTIAL ESTATES of under 100 acres in the South of England, with a convenient-sized Mansion lighted by electricity; good stabling and model farmery. Excellent water supply; soil sandstone.—Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,531)

45 minutes from Town; Station under two miles. Stands high on gravel soil.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Unfurnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 5 acres. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bed and 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 5 horses, cottage.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,179)

In the beautiful pine district near Hindhead. 90 minutes from Town.

HANTS.—Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE for SALE, with stabling and 2 acres of grounds; additional land up to 30 acres available; 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms; good water supply. Price low.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,327)

One Mile from a station. 35 minutes from London.

HERTS.—For SALE, in the high and healthy Boxmoor district, a convenient HOUSE, containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms; tennis lawn and grounds of 1¼ acres; golf links near. Price £2 975.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,520)

THE LARGE AUCTION GALLERY.

AUCTION GALLERIES.—The attention of Trustees, Executors, Solicitors, and Owners desirous of selling Family Jewels and Plate, Pictures, Prints, Lace, Furniture, and valuables is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES

which are open daily throughout the year for receipt of property intended for prompt public Sale.

SALES

on owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom arranged at the shortest notice.

28,000 Acres of Shooting. Medium-sized Residence.

Electric Light. Hunting, Yachting, Fishing, and Golf.

WEST OF SCOTLAND.—To be LET, Furnished, on Lease, a beautifully situated MANSION, overlooking a bay, together with 28,000 acres of shooting. Accommodation: 3 reception and billiard rooms, 23 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 11; extensive pleasure grounds; good sea, trout, and salmon fishing; yacht anchorage.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below.

WITHIN TWELVE MILES OF LONDON RURAL SITUATION.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above well built RESIDENCE, with over 16 acres. The House is in perfect order, and well arranged with every modern convenience; it contains inner and entrance halls, with handsome open-timbered roof, and a central staircase with gallery on 3 sides; 4 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, well-arranged offices, with servants' hall, 9 best bedrooms; bathrooms (h. and c.); 3 servants' bedrooms; detached stabling of 3 stalls and 2 loose boxes, loft, harness room, coach house for 4. The gardens and grounds are unusually attractive. The soil is loam, subsoil gravel. Price, £10,000, Freehold.—Further particulars, plans, and photographs of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (1,313)

ONE HOUR OF CITY.—Lovely district.—Pretty COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with ornamental grounds and paddock of 10 acres; entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath; excellent stabling with clock tower; expensively fitted throughout. To be SOLD for £2,750, only fraction of cost.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,483)

Picturesque Stone-built Mansion. 800ft. above sea-level. Electric Light. Between Tunbridge Wells and the Coast.

TO BE LET, Furnished, for the summer or longer, in one of the prettiest spots in England, a gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing in beautiful grounds of 30 acres. Accommodation: large hall, 5 reception and billiard rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 8. Shooting, fishing, and golf.—Photos, and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (F 25)

CAMBRIDGE about three miles from the University. — A delightful FREEHOLD ESTATE of 73 acres, medium-sized residence, with large reception rooms, billiard room, electric light, stabling, old-world lawns and gardens, small farmery, and some of the best grass land in the county, with a belt of grand old timber, to be SOLD by auction, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, the 25th inst.

MILTON HALL, Cambridgeshire

The above substantially built residence, with electric light throughout and telephone, contains: 3 large and lofty reception rooms, billiard-room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, spacious offices, and vaulted cellarage. Carriage drives from two modern red brick lodges lead to the house, which is agreeably placed in charming lawns and gardens, with views over the rich old pastures, which are studded with fine forest trees. There is a most productive and well stocked walled kitchen garden, span greenhouse, range of recently built poultry houses, thriving orchard, substantial brick-built farmery and yards, woodland walks, small lake, with boathouse, and three cottages, the whole presenting a complete establishment on a moderate scale, suitable for one desiring a pleasant country home, inexpensive to maintain, within 80 minutes of the Metropolis, and with the advantages of the excellent society and sport afforded by the district. Illustrated particulars, plans, and conditions of sale may be had of the Auctioneers.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY, of 9, Conduit Street, London, W., who are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Grain, Moyes, and Wisbey, Land Agents, of 66, St. Andrews Street, Cambridge, or of the Vendor's Solicitors, Messrs. Papworth and French, 9, St. Andrews Hill, Cambridge.

30 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.

HERTS.—To be SOLD, Freehold, or LET Unfurnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pleasure gardens and meadowland of 13 acres. Accommodation: hall, 5 reception rooms, including billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; modern stabling for 4 horses; 2 lodges; cottages and farmery: well-timbered and matured gardens, range of glasshouses, and 5 paddocks; gas and Company's water laid on; subsoil, sand and gravel.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,205)

35 Minutes from Town. Station one mile. Golf, Hunting, and Fishing.

TO BE SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a picturesque RESIDENCE, standing high in grounds of 4½ acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2 horses. Extra land can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT FRANK and RUTLEY as below. (2,140)

Battlemented Castle on the English Riviera.

FOR SALE, this charming modern RESIDENCE, overlooking a lovely bay, and containing: 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.; electric light; stabling; beautiful grounds of 1½ acres, sloping towards the sea; excellent boating; sunny, warm, and healthy situation. Price only £3,500.—Full particulars from Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,419)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE.

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

WINCHESTER (near). — £4,000 only for capital MANOR HOUSE, and 37 acres of rich, well timbered pasture. Excellent stabling for 12, attractive gardens and grounds, glass-houses, 4 cottages, and farmery; 16 bed and dressing rooms, full sized billiard room. Every convenience, modern sanitation, electric light. Close to old-world village. Hunting with H.H. Inspected. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10. Mount Street, W. (19,146)

BUCKS.

THE CHESTNUTS, AYLESBURY. — This picturesque old-fashioned house, with oak panelled rooms, stabling for 4, beautifully timbered and secluded grounds, in all 6 acres To be sold by auction at the Mart on July 14, 1904. Full particulars of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town. easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

SURREY HILLS (near Oxted and Limpsfield Golf Club).—Artistic red brick RESIDENCE for SALE, at moderate price; 6½ acres of perfectly secluded grounds, modern stabling, and every convenience; fine billiard room, large and lofty reception and 12 bedrooms; perfect sanitation and water supply. Strongly recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10. Mount Street, W. (19,135)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS commanding magnificent panoramic views 40 miles in extent.—To be SOLD, unusually attractive HOUSE, built for owner's own occupation, in perfect order: stabling, tennis lawn, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 8 bedrooms, bath, large reception rooms, 4 miles from station, 40 minutes from London, gravel soil. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,445)

IDEAL RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

BANKS OF THE THAMES, to be SOLD, Freehold, the charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, depicted above, occupying one of the choicest positions, with lawn to river: large hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, and launch house.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,419)

£5,000 only for a compact RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 424 acres on the borders of Hants and Wilts. Medium-sized residence, with stabling, attractive grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, excellent farm buildings, bailiff's house, and 8 cottages. Capital partridge shooting (extra can be hired). Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,361)

BEDS (North).—To be SOLD or LET Furnished for the summer months, charming Country HOUSE and grandly timbered grounds of 15 acres; price £4,500: 10 bed, bath, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling, walled kitchen garden, and farmery; cottages and additional land if desired; healthy district, a mile from station. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,745)

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING ESTATES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

6,000 ACRES (nearly) of very fine covert and open ground SHOOTING to be LET, with Furnished MANSION, situate within 2½ miles from a station, about three hours by rail from London, on the borders of Hants and Wilts. — Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street. W. (19,213)

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,202)

IN THE VERY BEST PART OF THE PYTCHLEY.—To be LET, Furnished, on LEASE, with or without 3,000 acres of shooting. One of the best-known COUNTRY MANSIONS, close to a station, and under two hours from London; splendidly placed for hunting with the above hounds. The Residence is a handsome structure, and stands in a park of about 80 acres; stabling for 20 horses. Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (15,068)

UNIQUE YACHTING FACILITIES. — Capital Family RESIDENCE, to be LET Unfurnished, situated in one of the finest positions on the shores of the Solent, opposite Cowes. It stands well above the sea, with delightful gardens extending to the seashore, about 35 acres in all; spacious hall, 5 reception, 18 bedrooms; lodge entrance, stabling for 8, and 3 cottages; view tower on grounds.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19 297)

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SPORTING PROPERTY.

"EASTON HALL," Grantham.—This well-known COUNTRY SEAT, handsomely furnished. To be LET with 7,000 acres of excellent mixed shooting and capital trout fishing. Hunting with the BELVOIR and COTTESMORE Hounds. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (19,221)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

NORFOLK COAST, near Cromer, with private grounds, leading to the beach.—To be LET, furnished for the summer, charming HOUSE, containing: 19 bedrooms, large reception rooms, stabling. Glorious views of the German Ocean. Moderate rent.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10. Mount Street, W. (18,795)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exact replica of an old Hampshire MANOR HOUSE, with charming grounds of 30 acres, beautifully situate, 400 feet above sea, grand views; 15 bed and dressing, oak panelled hall and reception rooms; stabling; quaint gate-house and archway. A mile from main line station. Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,288)

£2,250 will purchase a compact little PROPERTY in a first-rate social and sporting district in the Midlands, near good town with fine train service; all in perfect order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, good gardens and paddocks. Should be seen at once. —Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

GOTHIC MANSION IN HERTS.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, the above interesting old RESIDENCE of medium size, standing in a park and lighted by electricity. Lovely old grounds, boating, fishing, shooting, and hunting in the vicinity. Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10. Mount Street, W. (16,441)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3 500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs. —Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

CUMBERLAND. — To be SOLD, a sound Agricultural and Sporting ESTATE, of upwards of 1,000 acres, lying compactly in a ring fence. It is well wooded, bounded by county roads, intersected by a stream, and divided into suitable holdings, all let, and producing about £900 per annum.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street. London, W. (16,093)

EARLY XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE.

Within 45 minutes of London.

THE ABOVE CHARMING OLD RESIDENCE, with over 100 acres of beautifully timbered land, to be SOLD at the low price of £6,000. The House, in first-class order, stands about 400ft. above the sea, in delightful old-world grounds; contains: Entrance hall with fine staircase, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms (or more), bathroom, and offices; stabling, farm buildings, 2 cottages.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,268)

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CONISTON. —Compact small SPORTING ESTATE, for SALE, with 2 miles of frontage to the Lake, and adjoining an extensive common, over which there are valuable sporting and pasturage rights; capital pheasant, partridge, grouse, woodcock and other shooting; good fishing in the Lake; some excellent sites for a residence; unrivalled scenery. Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,530)

OXSHOTT and COBHAM.—Surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession: price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

A BEAUTIFUL MODERNIZED COUNTRY HOUSE

ON GRAVEL SOIL.

31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO, L. & S. W. R. MAIN LINE.

TWO-AND-A-QUARTER MILES AND ONE MILE FROM WEYBRIDGE AND BYFLEET STATIONS RESPECTIVELY

IT FORMS AN IDEAL HOME FOR A CITY MAN

AND IS IN PERFECT ORDER

First Floor Bathroom

TO BE SOLD, with immediate possession, comprising

A PICTURESQUE CREEPER-CLAD OLD RESIDENCE,

built at three artistic periods, and during the last three years modernized, refitted,

REDECORATED, AND ELECTRIC LIGHTED

by a well-known West End Firm, in perfect taste and without regard to expense, the result being an

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE INTERIOR.

It contains square central hall, charming drawing room in the Adams' style, fine old dining room with oak-panelled walls and ceiling, quaint Dutch Snuggery, Eastern Divan or smoking room, ten bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms fitted with porcelain baths, tiled walls, and every up-to-date appliance, two w.c.'s and lavatories, the sanitary fitments being absolute perfection. Main drainage. Gravel soil. Servants' hall, and very convenient offices, well removed. The hall, corridors, and some of the principal rooms are heated by hot air coils, and hot and cold water is laid to each floor.

An Adams' Style Bedroom, with Fitted Furniture

The Dutch Snuggery

STABLING FOR FOUR HORSES, COACH-HOUSE, HARNESS ROOM, AND COACHMAN'S FIVE-ROOMED COTTAGE

Motor house, photographic dark room and dynamo house.

The **pleasure grounds and miniature parklands** extend to about twelve acres, affording pleasant rambles; the whole beautifully matured, and shaded by a profusion of ornamental trees and shrubs.

THE WIDE-SPREADING LAWNS

include full-size croquet and tennis courts, flower borders, Dutch garden, fern and rose walks, a lovely chestnut drive, extensive kitchen and fruit gardens, partly walled; the whole in splendid condition. There is a

MINIATURE GOLF COURSE,

Garden houses; pretty cottage or gardener's lodge covered with wistaria creeper, another cottage, seven large greenhouses, and other useful appointments.

A PROFITABLE FEATURE of the gardens is a range of vineries 700ft. long, and at present sublet, which last year produced 12,000 to 15,000 lbs. of GRAPES.

A Corner of the pretty Drawing Room decorated in the Adams' style

For cards to view and fuller particulars, apply to HAMPTON & SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, who have inspected and very strongly recommend this remarkable freehold.

SLADE & CHURCH

Telephone: 460 Croydon. **Auctioneers, Estate and House Agents,**

117, SOUTH END, SOUTH CROYDON,

AND BRANCHES.

GLENGARRY, CAMPDEN ROAD.

SOUTH CROYDON (25 minutes of Town).—A perfect house and situation, gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing 1½ acre charming garden, Glengarry, Campden Road. Five bed, dressing, billiard room (convertible into 2 bedrooms), bath (h. and c.), entrance hall with fireplace, 3 handsome reception rooms. To be SOLD by Auction at Mart, London, July 15 next, by SLADE and CHURCH, as above.

SANDERSTEAD, midst the Surrey Hills. 30 min. of town, near station.—A unique RESIDENCE, with ½ acre garden. More land if desired. Craigevar, Sanderstead Road: 7 bed, bath (h. and c.), spacious hall, with fireplace, 3 large reception rooms, and offices. Also LOT 2, ½ acre plot of land adjoining, to be Sold by SLADE and CHURCH (as above).

SOUTH CROYDON. — Practically without reserve: a modern freehold detached RESIDENCE, "Windermere," Coombe Road, in favourite part, near station, close, beautiful country; 6 bed, box, dressing, bath (h. and c.), 3 spacious reception, tiled hall, large, well-matured garden. To be SOLD by auction by SLADE and CHURCH (as above).

MAUDESLEY-ON-SEA (Norfolk).—H. J. Limmer has instructions to dispose of two SEASIDE BUNGALOWS, standing in their own grounds, very pleasantly situate at Mundesley and commanding extensive sea and land views. Each contains six bedrooms, bathroom, two reception rooms and convenient offices. Close to station and golf links. Mundesley is a pretty and popular seaside resort with an excellent service of trains from London during the summer (under 3 hours). Full particulars of H. J. LIMMER, F.A.I., Auction, Estate and House Agency Offices, Cromer, Sheringham, and Mundesley.

KENT COAST. — Ideal BUNGALOW RESIDENCE on terraced grounds overlooking the sea, luxuriously fitted and furnished with spacious accommodation comprising: 10 bedrooms, hall lounge, 3 reception rooms, bathroom and offices, full tennis lawn, flower, fruit and vegetable gardens. To be LET for the season at 20 guineas, or for shorter period by arrangement. Apply EDMONDS, Clyde House, Birchington, near Westgate.

DORCHESTER (near)—To be LET, unfurnished, capital Country HOUSE, 2,000 acres of good shooting and 3 miles of exclusive trout fishing, stabling, cottages, lovely grounds, rent £350.—Apply "W.," care of THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FURNISHED MANSION and SHOOTING, near the famous Sandwich Golf Links. Modern Elizabethan MANSION, situated in a grandly timbered park, about 2 hours by rail from London. To be LET, handsomely furnished, with nearly 3,000 acres of mixed shooting. Fine, oak panelled hall, spacious reception rooms, about 24 bedrooms, and complete domestic offices. Stabling for 7, and coachman's cottage. Singularly beautiful gardens. Highly recommended. Write to "S.," care of THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street.

OVERLOOKING TOR BAY.—For SALE, a handsomely appointed FAMILY RESIDENCE, lighted by electricity, and standing in secluded terrace grounds; fine suite of reception rooms, excellent bed and reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and most convenient offices; company's water, and modern sanitation; entrance lodge; capital stabling, with grooms' rooms.—Apply "I.," care of BYSTANDER, Tallis Street.

DONCASTER (near).—To be LET for the summer months (including Leger Week), at nominal rent of 15 guineas weekly, a well furnished COUNTRY MANSION, standing in grandly timbered park, with fine views of the Don Valley. Beautiful gardens and grounds and first-class stabling. Two miles from Doncaster Station. Full particulars of MESSRS. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,363)

TO BUSY CITY MEN AND OTHERS.

HISTORICAL THAMES ISLAND.

TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, 1½ miles from station, and under 40 minutes' rail of town, an exceptionally attractive, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, the interior of which is adorned with fine old carved oak-work doors and beamed ceilings. It stands high on a beautiful Island of nearly five acres, and is approached from the mainland by a private bridge, forming a carriage-drive across a pretty backwater; contains 7 bedrooms, bathroom h. and c.), fine old hall, 3 delightful reception rooms, and capital domestic offices: stabling for 3 horses, etc., charming grounds with fine lawns to river, glasshouses, large kitchen garden, boat-house, with use of boats; the whole property, which is in splendid order, would be difficult to surpass as a summer retreat or a permanent abode.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SUSSEX (Crowborough).—To be SOLD a well built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); standing in grounds of 7 acres; stabling for 4, outbuildings and workshop. Price £8,000. More land if required.—Apply "S. K.," c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WILTSHIRE (near Salisbury). — To be SOLD, a magnificent Residential & Sporting ESTATE of about 2,400 acres, together with handsome MANSION standing in beautifully wooded park, approached by avenue carriage drive ½ a mile long: accommodation: 5 reception, 19 bedrooms, stabling for 12, several cottages, good outbuildings, splendid shooting, 2,700 acres of covert; good hunting district.—Apply, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street. E.C.

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. 3d. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

Numbered Addresses.—*For the convenience of advertisers, letters may be addressed to numbers at* **"The Bystander"** *Office. When this is desired, 2d. will be charged for registration, but three stamped and addressed envelopes must be sent for forwarding replies. Only the number will appear in the advertisement. Replies should be addressed "No. 000, c/o* **"The Bystander,"** *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block, in addition to the cost of advertisement.

1904 8 h.-p. Darracq, new, smart car, painted red, outlined black and white, bucket seats, two brass paraffin lamps, regulation tail lamp, tools, foot pump; £180.—H. Plumbridge, Broad Street Station, E.C.

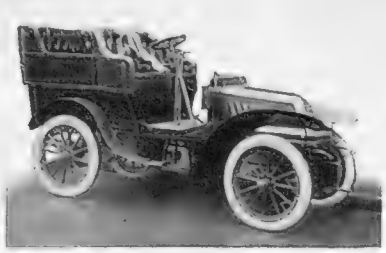
GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

DAIMLER, 23 h.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two-seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke on Trent.

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h.-p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare

12 h.p. Gladiator, in perfect condition, complete, ready for the road, with tools and lamps, etc.; £220; a fast car, and splendid hill-climber.—Box 60, c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.



DE DION, 8 h.-p., 1904 Model, fitted with Tonneau body, having bucket front seats, with 2 forward speeds and reverse. In splendid condition. Price £200. Only reason for sale, owner purchased larger car.—Apply, M.F., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars.

10 h.-p. Two-cylinder Cottereau, dark green tonneau, front bucket seats, black leather upholstery, three baskets, four lamps, spare parts, large tyres, two being new; everything in excellent condition; papers of entry and permit for France; £190.—Hollingbourne Manor, near Maidstone.

MAYFAIR Voiturette, 4½ h.-p. De Dion engine, wipe contact, two-seated, leather hood, three lamps, two accumulators, wire wheels, pneumatic tyres, in splendid condition and running order, just overhauled; £65; trial by appointment.—T. C. Moffatt, 46, Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon.

BABY PEUGEOT, splendid condition, 6 h.-p. engine, three speeds, reverse, hood, artillery wheels, everything complete, price £125. Box 124, care of BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

DECAUVILLE CAR, 12 h.-p., twin cylinders, direct drive, spoed up to 35 miles per hour, spare parts, lamps and extras, splendid condition, almost new, price £275.—Box 146, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — We have cars offered by private owners, to whom we will introduce you without fees.—Write at once, stating your requirements, Frank Little and Co., engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MIDLAND . . . . HOTEL, MANCHESTER.

The most Complete Hotel in the World.

400 ROOMS.

PERFECT SANITATION.

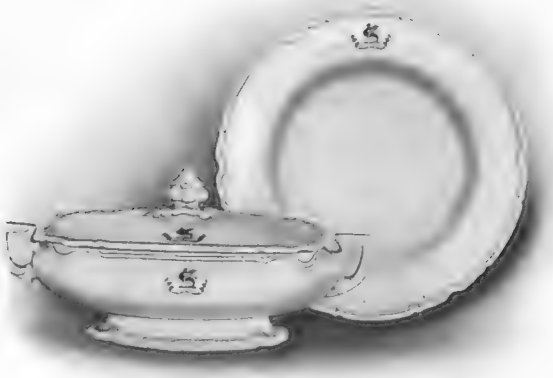
Air Cleaned by Plenum System.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN RESTAURANTS.

Telephone: 1904.
Telegrams: "MIDOTEL."

W. TOWLE,
Manager, Midland Hotels.

Osler



Reg. Design

"THE GUELPH."

Set of 101 Pieces

£4 8 0

Crested in any Colour, 35s. extra.

100, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORINGS

MOST DURABLE FLOOR COVERING

from 3d. a foot.

Solid OAK Panellings.

HOWARD & SONS, Ltd.,

Manufacturers,

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

Manufacturers

and

Designers

of

Interiors

and

Furniture.

PANELLED OAK DINING ROOM
(included in the numerous Specimen Furnished Rooms on view at Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W.)

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, Tottenham Court Road, W.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

All MARTELL'S BRANDIES are guaranteed PURE GRAPE.

THE QUEEN of

CRÈME DE MENTHE

PIPPERMINT

GET FRÈRES

A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur.

Sold in Quarts (Litres), 5 s., and Pints (1/2 litres), 3 s., by Wine Merchants and Stores.

Free Sample on application to

SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES

B. LAURIEZ, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E. C.

MISSES H. & I. WOOLLAN

(UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE).

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

OLD CHINA.

Worcester and Lowestoft China, Bowls, etc.

Old Lace, Prints, Glass, etc.

TELEPHONE 5467 GERRARD.

28, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

Shoolbred's

Always of the widest and most choice selection, Messrs. Shoolbred's supply of carpets at the moment is quite surpassingly excellent, and includes all manner of coveted qualities and shapes, exclusively reserved to the firm, notably some Indian corridor rugs, suitable for halls, billiard rooms, and the like. Running four yards long, these commence at 37*s.* 6*d.*, and fulfil at the same time the latter day demand for softer, more subdued colourings—for the day of the *voyant* carpet is quite past. And this particular Indian consignment, moreover, includes a quantity of small rugs and mats; in fact, it may be averred in all safety, that every demand can be supplied.

A wealth of attention has also been given to mattings, with the result that the supply at Tottenham House with its varieties, qualities, and general conditions is absolutely without parallel. Full sized Mung matting carpets, fifteen feet by twelve feet, are a speciality, and these have hitherto been hardly procurable. For more ordinary matting purposes, such as surrounds, Messrs. Shoolbred recommend a Japanese quality, in which the pattern is worked in afterwards, as peculiarly hard ware. They have a long range of this, having secured the whole consignment.

Other large and important events are taking place in furnishing schemes here, a quite recent and very beautiful addition to the fully furnished rooms being found in a Georgian dining room, everything from the high-shouldered sideboard, surmounted by curious mahogany urns, to the flat and rather severe window draperies of green brocade, being correct in every detail. The chairs, which carry a reminiscence of the Chippendale era, are upholstered in a rich baize-green leather, and the high, narrow mantelpiece is completed by a fireplace with hob grate.

This is a conspicuous success, as is an Elizabethan scheme, splendidly dignified and delightfully soothing in gradations of russet brown. The wood employed throughout, including a high dado, is fumigated oak, and the well fireplace and intersected panel mantelpiece again comprise an important orthodox detail. Above, the ceiling is ornamented with beams, whence hang quaint lantern receptacles for the electric lights. The window drapery is sufficiently unique to promise speedy plagiarism, the golden brown plush curtains starting on a line with the wainscoting, the window above being dressed with cream casement blinds. And the finishing touch to this supremely successful inspiration is found in an old Turkey carpet, of artistic colouring and richest quality. To those about to furnish, no better or more confident advice could be given than to take a walk through these furnished suites at Shoolbred's.

The Coiffure Question

has grown of late of such serious import that one is led to speculating as to how an altogether satisfactory appearance was attained in the days of more or less indifference. The feeling of the moment was summed up perfectly for us the other day by a representative coiffeur, who explained that he did not any longer dress ladies' hair—he shaped their heads. Of dressing in the strict sense there is none, the most incidental *pouf* or twist sufficing to complete the edifice, formed by deft ondules moulded about into clever curves. At the back, the casque, as it is termed, is carrying all before it (a very creditable example whereof is illustrated on page 312), supplemented by the new battlemented comb, with graduated teeth, the front view showing the Marie Stuart toupee, which has completely superseded, in the eyes of the experienced *élégante*, the parted and draped adjustment.

The Menu

This week, our space being limited, we give our readers a few odd recipes which should prove useful at this season of the year:

TIMBALE OF MACARONI

Take ¼lb. of Naples macaroni, boil it until quite soft, drain it in a cloth, cut in pieces half an inch long, well butter a plain mould, line it with buttered paper, and place in it the macaroni, endways, so as to give the appearance of a honeycomb when turned out. Make a paste thus: put a gill of water, a small piece of butter, and a little salt into a stewpan to boil; when boiling, throw into it a tablespoonful of flour, leave it a few minutes, then stir in one egg, and turn it on to a plate until wanted. Take a pound of veal cutlet, remove the skin and bone, pound it in a mortar, and add to it half the quantity of the above paste, and a quarter of the quantity of butter, with salt, pepper, and mustard to taste. Mix all together, add one whole egg and three yolks, pass it through a wire sieve, stir in a gill of white stock, or milk, pour it into the mould, and steam for half an hour. Serve with truffle or brown sauce.

GÖTTERSPEIZE.

Lay some stale brown breadcrumbs, mixed with castor sugar, on a glass dish; then a layer of whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla, and a little preserve at each corner; then more breadcrumbs and sugar, and another layer of whipped cream and preserve.

PEAS AND CARROTS À LA CRÈME

Scrape and wash some young carrots, and blanch them by putting them into a saucepan containing plenty of cold salted water, let it gradually come to boiling point, and after it has boiled for five minutes, take out the carrots and drain them on a cloth. Put 1 oz. of butter into a small stewpan, and when it has melted add the carrots, season them with salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar, and let them simmer for six minutes, then cover them with some thick white sauce, and let them cook slowly until they are quite tender—just before taking the stewpan from the fire, add a squeeze of lemon-juice to the sauce, two tablespoonfuls of cooked green peas and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; place the carrots on a hot dish and scatter a little finely chopped parsley over them.

CAFÉ NOIR

Have the coffee-pot hot, and stand it in a basin or pan of boiling water, while the coffee is percolating into it through a flannel or muslin strainer. Put two tablespoonfuls of coffee into the strainer, pour over it ½ a pint of absolutely violently boiling water, and let it "drip" through. Don't make more coffee than you need, but make it good; and ½ a pint will fill six or eight tiny coffee cups easily. It is the coffee that is wasted, not the coffee which is used, that so soon brings a pound of coffee to an end.

EMILIA

ART WALL PAPERS.

CHAS. KNOWLES & CO., Ltd., 164, KING'S ROAD,
CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W. THE LARGEST SHOWROOMS IN LONDON.

JON. HARRIS & SONS, LTD.,

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. (Over Benson's)

NEW COSTUME LINENS

FOR THE SEASON.

LINEN VOILE LINEN TWEED LINEN CANVAS

2/3 yard, 36 in. 2/- yard, 36 in. 2/- yard, 36 in.

Charming Fabrics, Stylish, Useful, and Artistic.

ART LINENS IN OVER 60 COLOURS, also WHITE and BLACK.

COSTUMES TO MEASURE 3½ Gns. EMBROIDERED from 4½ Gns.

PRETTY TRACED LINEN BLOUSES for own working 15/6 to 21/-.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND ESTIMATES.

Book of Special Designs of LINEN BEDSPREADS and HAND-MADE LACES on application.

33, King Street, MANCHESTER; 89, Corporation Street, BIRMINGHAM; and Derwent Mills, COCKERMOUTH.

GRAND HOTEL

FINEST POSITION
CENTRE OF WEST CLIFF

Electric Light Throughout

West Bathing Beaches
below the Hotel

The Cromer Hotels

HOTEL METROPOLE

ON THE EAST CLIFF
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For full particulars of these and other Excursions, see the Company's announcements at Stations and Town Offices.

OLIVER BURY, *General Manager.*

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Holiday Resort Supplement, No. III.

This is the season of the year when everyone is asking the question, "Where shall we go for our holidays?" If the prospective holiday-maker wants beautiful scenery, bracing air, and absence from the objectionable "tripper," the coast of Norfolk at Cromer is the ideal spot for him to choose. A quarter of a century ago this part of England was practically unknown to the holiday-maker, and when it was christened "Poppyland," few persons had the opportunity of visiting it. But that was in the bad old days of the Eastern Counties Railway. Now all this is changed. Cromer has the privilege of being served by two of the most energetic and go-a-head railways in England. The G.N.Ry. run corridor trains at 10.20 a.m., 2.0 p.m., and 3.25, by which the visitor is wafted with every comfort and speed from the dusty streets of London to this charming neighbourhod. The G.E.Ry. also run a most excellent service, by means of which the traveller is enabled to walk along the seashore within less than three hours of leaving London.

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JULY, 1904.

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Flannels and Flangolas, among those who dress well, are, owing to their comfort and smart appearance, rapidly taking the place of Tweeds and Cheviots for summer wear.

Anticipating an increased demand during the warmer weather, I have purchased an extensive range of these materials in the newest and smartest West End designs, and shall be pleased to show them to you if you care to call or write for patterns:

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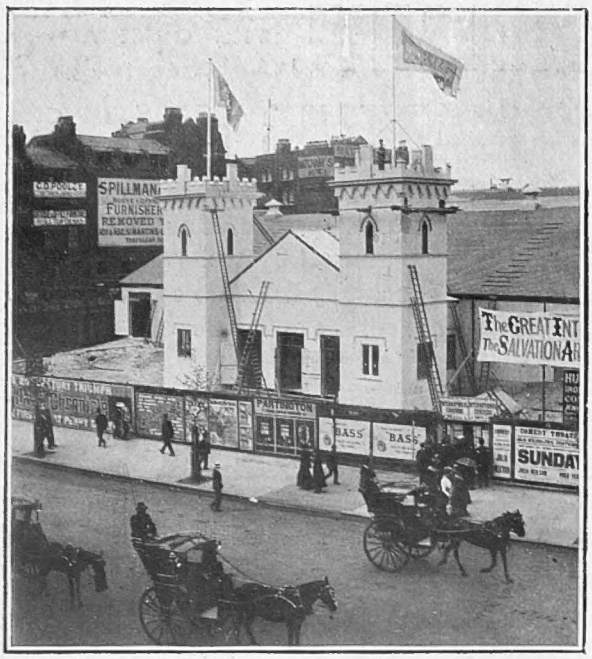

The Citadel of the Salvationists in the Strand

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The new 18-28 h.-p. 1904 Mercédès seems to be increasing in popularity, if that were possible. The latest purchasers of the new cars include Sir Ernest Cassel and the Duchess of Manchester. These cars have been supplied by the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, the one and only firm who guarantee immediate delivery in London. It is quite needless again to refer to the unique position this firm holds.

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Numerous and important additions and improvements in the train service of the London and North Western Railway are announced for the summer months, conspicuous among them being additional corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, as well as sleeping saloon expresses between Euston, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North, in both directions, and accelerated train and boat services between Ireland England, *via* Holyhead.

A notable feature in the London and North Western Company's arrangements for the summer is the inauguration, from July 1, in conjunction with the London, Brighton and South Coast Company, of a new direct service between Liverpool and Brighton, the journey in through carriages being performed in six hours.

Our Coloured Supplement

Our readers will hail with delight the appearance this week of another coloured supplement from an original painting by Reginald Pannett. The Pannett Girl reigns in the world of colour with the proud imperiousness of the Gibson Girl in the world of black and white. "The Fair Enchantress" is well named, and must be awarded the palm of beauty, despite the claims which might be put forth by many beautiful maidens who have posed as subjects for previous BYSTANDER Supplements.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Naples." Painted by Augustine Fitzgerald, and described by S. Fitzgerald. (A. and C. Black.) 20*s.* net.

"The Burns Country." By S. Dougall. (A. and C. Dougall.) 6*s.*

"The Automobile Handbook," 1904. (London: 119, Piccadilly.) 3*s.*

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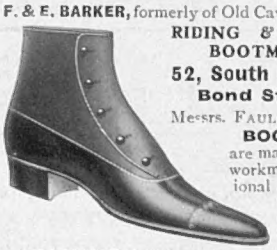

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1904.

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By MAYNE LINDSAY
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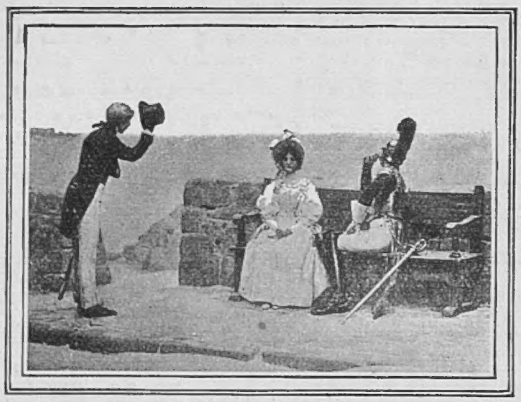

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Illustrating Story by John Oxenham

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RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street Whitefriars London, E.C.

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